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THE GRAPHIC



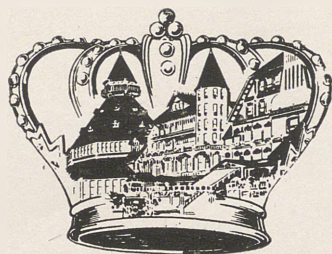
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

OTIS-FINNEY. Miss Fannie Grant Otis, daughter of Mrs. H. G. Otis of San Diego, to Lieutenant George Finney of the 143rd Field Artillery, Camp Kearny. Lieutenant Finney formerly lived in Hollywood.

HALL-PHILLIPS. Miss Beatrice Adelaide Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hall of 1825 North New Hampshire street, to Mr. William Marsh Phillips, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Phillips. Mr. Phillips is stationed at Camp May, New Jersey.

LARSON-DORRER. Miss Ruth Larson, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Larson of 1417 Twelfth avenue, to Mr. Walter B. Dorrer, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dorrer of East Oak Knoll. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

DAVENPORT-NEISWENDER. Miss Amy Davenport of South Pasadena, to Mr. Chester Neiswender of Los Angeles. No date has been named for the wedding.

MILES-GILFILLAN. Miss Edna Miles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harvey Miles of 43 Westmoreland Place, to Mr. Sennett Gilfillan. The wedding will be an event of the early summer.

MCBURNIE-SCHWARTZ. Miss Minnie McBurnie, daughter of Major William McBurnie to Mr. Frederick Nelson Schwartz. The wedding will take place this summer.

WILSON-SHEAHAN. It will be a surprise to most of our readers to learn that this couple has been engaged longer in the taking of orders for wedding engraving, betrothal announcements, etc., than any other pair of salesmen in Los Angeles. Either Mr. Sheahan or Mr. Wilson will be glad to assist you in determining the correct phraseology of your invitations or announcements, especially will you find their assistance helpful in writing the correct forms for military usage. A. E. Little Company, 426 South Broadway.

WEDDINGS

SCHERER-MOSHER. Miss Isabel Brown Scherer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. B. Scherer of Pasadena, and Ensign Frank Reid Mosher, son of Mrs. Sarah J. Mosher of Glendale. The marriage took place in Washington, D. C., at the Church of the Covenant. Ensign Mosher is with the United States Naval Reserve Flying Corps.

SCHWARTZ-SHERMAN. The marriage of Miss Katherine Preston Schwartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Schwartz of Sierra Madre, and Lieutenant Cecil Kent Sherman of Virginia, took place last Wednesday, May 15, in the Church of the Ascension.

TOTTENHAM-SCOTT. Miss Muriel Tottenham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tottenham of 2345 West Thirtieth street, Los Angeles, and Lieutenant James Hardin Scott, son of Mrs. O. Scott of St. Louis, Mo. The marriage was solemnized Saturday, May 11, in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral with Dean William MacCormack reading the service.

NEWCOMB-CLINE. Miss Gertrude Evelyn Newcomb, daughter of Mrs. I. W. Newcomb of San Bernardino and Mr. Thayer William Cline, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Cline of Chicago. The marriage was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, Wednesday, May 8. Mrs. Cline formerly attended the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles and has many friends here.

COLE-SMITH. Mrs. Hazel Rush Cole and First Lieutenant Winfield W. Smith were united in marriage in San Francisco, May 17th.

GRAHAM-DORR. Miss Frances Boswell Graham, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Graham and Mr. Donald Griswold Dorr, both of Los Angeles. The wedding took place Tuesday, May 7, at the Mission Inn, Riverside.

PHILLIPS-DUNN. Miss Violet Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Phillips of San Francisco, and Mr. James Witcher Dunn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn, also of San Francisco. The marriage was solemnized, Saturday, May 4, in Trinity Church, San Francisco. The bride formerly lived with her parents, in Los Angeles.

SMITH-MYERS. Miss Florence Alda Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Smith of 4919 Pasadena avenue, and Mr. Buford W. Myers. The wedding took place Wednesday, May 8, at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Myers is stationed at Camp Kearny.

NIBLEY-CANNON. Miss Edna Nibley and Lieutenant George M. Cannon, Jr. The ceremony was performed at Ocean Park with the bride's father, Bishop Nibley of Salt Lake City, officiating. Lieutenant Cannon is stationed at Camp Kearny.

RIDDICK-MARTIN. Miss Peggy Riddick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Riddick of 7261 Franklin avenue, and Lieutenant Howard Martin. Lieutenant Martin is stationed with the Grizzlies at Camp Kearny.

WESTBROOK-BERKLEY. Miss Martha Westbrook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Westbrook of Santa Monica, and Captain Hugh Berkley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Berkley also of Santa Monica. The wedding was celebrated at St. Augustine's-by-the-Sea, Wednesday, May 8.

BIRTHS

Congratulations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMillen over the arrival of a wee daughter, Mellissa Adoree.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Sanborn of Mexico City are the proud parents of a small daughter, who has been named Dorothy Elizabeth. Mrs. Sanborn was formerly Miss Helen Durham, daughter of Mrs. Edna J. Durham, and has many friends in Pasadena and Hollywood.

The many friends here of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan G. Stacy of Minneapolis, Minn., have learned with pleasure of the birth of a little daughter, who has been given the name of Gladys Georgiana. Mrs. Stacy was formerly Miss Gladys Dawson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dawson of 763 Oakland avenue, Pasadena.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

An entertainment will be given Friday evening, May 24, at Normal Hill Center Auditorium for the benefit of the homeless children under the care of the joint orders of the Native Sons and Daughters of Los Angeles. Mr. Irving Baxter is chairman.

Commencement at the University of Southern California is to be an outdoor affair and will be held at Exposition Park at 4 o'clock the afternoon of Thursday, June 6.

May 21. A concert will be given at the Shakespeare Clubhouse, Pasadena, Tuesday evening, May 21. The affair is to benefit the Fatherless Children of France. Mrs. J. W. Carr is making the arrangements.

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May 25. The senior class of the Hollywood School for Girls will present The Holy Grail, dramatized from Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem, at the Parish of St. Stephens Episcopal Church.

June 18. Red Cross Entertainment at Shrine Auditorium by the Los Angeles Lodge No. 487 Independent Order B'Nai B'rith and the Woman's Auxiliary No. 11, I. O. B. B., for the purpose of purchasing an ambulance for the wounded in France.

May 21st. As during the past two weeks, Messrs. Sheahan and Wilson will continue to receive, in honor of the many June weddings. Although many orders for June wedding engraving have already been taken, you will find them most careful to please you and may be sure that your stationery will be correct in every detail. A. E. Little Company, 426 South Broadway.—Adv.

CLUBS

May 20. Dr. Albert Shiels will lecture on "Education in an Efficient Democracy," at the Ebell Club.

May 20. Red Cross Day at the Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe.

May 27. Musicales at Ebell Club, Mr. John Marquardt, Violinist; Mrs. John Marquardt, Harpist; and Miss Fennal Lorraine, Pianist.

May 27. Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe. Annual election.

GOLF

May 30. Flag Tournament. Cup to winner. Played under handicap. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

June 2. Round Robin Tournament. Matches to be played on any day of the week during the month of June when arrangements can be made. Played under handicap. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

June 22. Special Handicap Match. Players handicap themselves, placing the number of handicap in a sealed envelope, and delivering it to Golf Professional. Cup to winner. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

July 4. Independence Day Tournament. Special 18-hole competition, under handicap. Medal play. Cup to winner. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

July. Competition for best medal score under handicap, played during the month of July. Cup to winner. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

August 3, 5, 6, 7, 8. Coronado Summer Golf Championship. Qualifying round of 36 holes played August 3rd. First and second rounds of 18 holes played August 5th and 6th. Semi-finals of 36 holes played August 7th. Finals of 35 holes played August 8th. Matches to be played in the mornings. There will be flights for each sixteen. Replica of trophy to winner. Silver medal to holder of best score in qualifying round. Cups to winners of first and second flights. Entrance fee \$2.00.

MISCELLANEOUS

June 1-8. National Music Show, Grand Central Palace.

DOG SHOWS

May 25. Kensington Kennel Club, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 7. Ladies' Kennel Association of Massachusetts, Auburndale.

September 28. Kensington Kennel Club, Philadelphia, Pa.

October 11-12. French Bulldog Club of New England, Boston, Mass.

HORSE SHOWS

May 29-June 1. Devon Horse Show.

June 9. Tuxedo Horse Show.

June 19-22. White Plains Horse Show.

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These are patriotic days at Hotel Alexandria

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Halt! —and Come Across for the Red Cross

"No duty is higher than to aid the helpless and how much more imperative is our duty to those made helpless in fighting for us. The Red Cross can save the soldier for himself, for his family and for his country. We must see to it that he shall not be abandoned to his fate on foreign fields."

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The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

ELBRIDGE D. RAND - - - - - Publisher
ALFRED L. FENTON - - - - - General Manager
WINFIELD HOGABOOM - - - - - Editor
CHAS. A. HAWLEY - - - - - Advertising Manager

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS. When a change of address is requested both the new and old address should be given. Two weeks' notice is requested either for changing an address or starting a new subscription.

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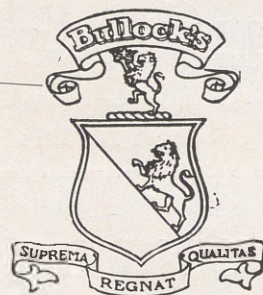
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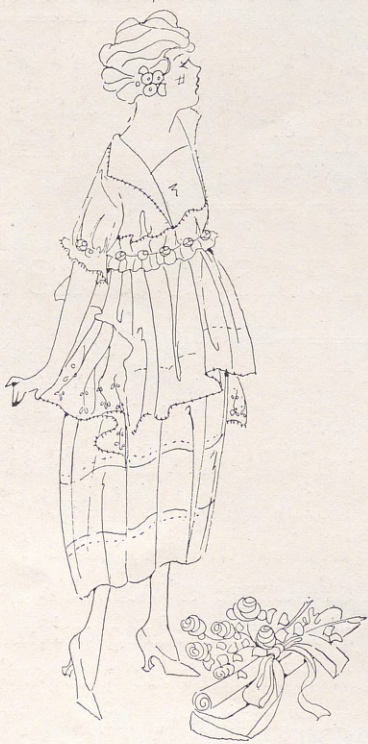


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—The Cecil Brunners of fashion—fragile
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—And as beautiful

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—Some plain, others embroidered—some
 with tiny, saucy frills—

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—Trimmed with ribbons—

—And rosebuds, and things most inde-
 scribably—

—And then many of them are

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 Misses and Women of Slight and Slender Figure on the
 third floor—at Bullock's—

—“Turn to the left from the elevator.”

The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



G. Edwin Williams

MRS. EARLE REMINGTON

WHO IS AMONG THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS OF THE RED CROSS SHOP AND TEA ROOM, AS WELL AS ALL OTHER PATRIOTIC ACTIVITIES. MRS. REMINGTON, WITH HER MANY OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS, IS AN EXPERT EQUESTRIENNE. SHE WAS RECENTLY DECORATED BY COLONEL ANITA BALDWIN AND MADE A LIFE MEMBER OF THE RED STAR ORGANIZATION



EDITORIAL COMMENT

MR. MCADOO AND his assistants in the management of the railroads have determined that the Pacific Coast enjoys too much transportation. A number of the through passenger trains to and from Eastern points have been ordered discontinued. Fewer freight trains are to be operated. A big cut in the operating expenses of the railroads, and in the expenses incident to the efforts of each railroad company to secure business has been ordered, and is now being effected. Business offices of all the big roads are to be combined, and forces curtailed. An increase in freight rates of from 25 to 40 per cent is to be ordered.

All of this is being done as a war measure. It is imperatively called for, and is in the best interests of our country. There can be no question of its advisability, and no criticism of the administration because of it. It is accepted philosophically and cheerfully. It is done to help win the war.

Therefore, is it not best to say, right now, that we are glad these changes have come? Why? Because they will result in closer relations between the people of the Pacific coast, in more unity of purpose, in more natural production, more manufacture, more industrial advancement, and more social activity?

In fact, can we not now openly admit that the Pacific Coast has in the past, under the former conditions, been harmed, been retarded in its growth by having too much transportation; too many trains running east and west every day; too cheap freight and passenger rates?

Let's look at the thing from this viewpoint. On the Pacific Coast we have everything needful to the very highest mode of life, in the way of natural products both in variety, and in quantity. We could supply the demands of a population ten times as dense as our population now is, if necessary. From our soils we can obtain anything and everything that we want to eat. We have the mineral and the timber resources, we have as good a place as there is in the world to raise cattle, sheep and hogs; we have climatic conditions and an abundance of fuel to make manufacturing more profitable here than it is in any other part of the United States. And as for a place in which to live, why, say, it beats 'em all.

Now, then, why do we want so much transportation as we have been having in the past, between the Pacific and the Atlantic slopes? Will we not be just as well off—will we not be a great deal better off—without so much?

All that this decreased facility for travelling hither and yon, and for hauling our wares and effects about, will mean is that we will use more of our own products, and less of those of some other part of this country, or of some other country. And that we will enjoy more of our own matchless climate and scenery, and be more in the society of each other.

We have a chain of magnificent hotels and mountain and beach resorts extending along the coast from the Mexican to the Canadian border, and California in particular is richly endowed with them. They are great blessings, and we have always appreciated them. But not to their full value. We have always looked upon them as a means of bringing us visitors from other sections and other lands.

Let's look upon them now as something we can use and enjoy to the utmost ourselves.

Right now, what we should do is to advertise to each other, our own products, our own resorts, our own opportunities for investment and for industries. Even we should advertise ourselves for the benefit of each other, to the end that we all become known to each other better, and that our natural products, and our manufactured articles are more thoroughly recognized.

We can manufacture anything and everything on the Pacific coast; we can grow everything; we can see everything worth seeing. The idea that we have to wear things made elsewhere; that we have to eat things grown and canned and pickled and packed in some other part of the world; that we have to look for business somewhere else, and that we are dependent in great part upon visitors from other places and other lands, is played out.

We really didn't need all of the transcontinental trains. We are glad they have been taken off.

THERE ARE TO be some compensations for all the horrors and hardships and heart rendings of war, it now seems. We read that the strawberries must be uniform in size and quality all the way down to the very bottom layer in the box, and on the cherry boxes must be stamped the net contents. Add to this the fact that you can now buy a three-cent fish for ten cents, whereas it used to be that you would pay thirty-six cents for it, or go without, and you will begin to discern the faint ray of sunlight that is striving to glimmer through the dark rift of clouds that has hovered over us ever since that terrible word "profiteering" first began to appear in the public prints.

NEWSPAPER REPORTS FROM Santa Ana are to the effect that the people of that city made great preparations for the reception of the two hundred insurance agents who gathered there for a convention on Saturday last. Just exactly what these preparations consisted of was not told, but probably those citizens who have cyclone cellars saw to it that these were cleaned up, and well provisioned, and the entrances to same carefully camouflaged. Those not so fortunate doubtless looked carefully to all locks and bolts on all outside doors of residences, laid in ample provisions against a long siege, and saw to it that the family washing was brought in off of the line. Those who could afford it battened all doors and windows, and filling the tank of the family automobile with gasoline, took to the road leading to the mountains.

THE GOVERNMENT is making tests now of another new substitute for gasoline which the inventor claims can be manufactured for eight cents a gallon. We do sincerely hope and trust that the experiments will demonstrate that all the inventor claims for this new gasoline substitute is true. But, in order to be perfectly safe in the matter, would it not be well for the government experimenters to try the invention out thoroughly in a 1914 model touring car of popular make, with a leaky carburetor, a loose fender on the left side, a loose thrust bearing on the right rear wheel, two cogs missing from the intermediate gear, and considerable of the paint scratched off of the body? Our idea is that the government cannot be too careful in its investigations of these important matters.

THE WAR HAS caused the people of this nation to forego many things, and they have accepted the strictures placed upon them in a spirit of loyalty and patriotism and forbearance that is remarkable, and also commendable. Even have they come to enjoy going without the things the government has asked that they go without, because they feel that they are helping, by so doing, to win the war. But now come the City Commissioners of Long Beach and ordain that no person shall indulge in caresses, hugging, fondling, embracing, spooning, kissing or wrestling, with any person or persons of the opposite sex, in the City of Long Beach. And further, that no person shall sit or lie with his or her head or any portion of his person, upon any portion of the person or persons of the opposite sex. Well, we've got to get in and win this war right soon, now. We can stand a great deal, but there is a limit.

BY THE WAY

CONGRATULATIONS are being presented to the Brothers Kelsey, Van R. and Frank M., upon their taking over of the district agency of the National Surety Company, of New York. This company is known as "the world's largest surety company." Under the aggressive leadership of its president, Mr. William B. Joyce, it has, indeed, become, in point of financial stability and premium incomes, the largest surety company in the whole world. Which is certainly something to be proud of. The National has subscribed a round million of dollars to each successive issue of liberty bonds, and its president has done likewise, personally. Which is also something to be proud of.

ORDERED TO TEXAS

FOLLOWING his graduation from the Military School of Aeronautics at Columbus, Ohio, Paul Grimm of Los Angeles—now a second lieutenant—has been stationed at San Antonio, Texas.

Upon the completion of his training work he was granted a brief respite from service—a mere fortnight in which to catch his breath, so to speak, before going to the post assigned him. Mrs. Grimm, formerly Miss Sally McFarland of Los Angeles, had been with him in Columbus since the beginning of his training there and it was hoped by friends here that they would be able to return to the western coast before he was stationed. Military work, however, is being carried forward with such promptness and precision that this became quite out of the question, and Mrs. Grimm accompanied her husband to San Antonio after they had tarried while he enjoyed a brief rest in Columbus.

Not a few other young officers from Los Angeles are now stationed at San Antonio and reports reaching here from various sources do not imply any danger of homesickness from want of seeing familiar faces.

There are at the various camps—Port Sam Huston, Camp Travis, Kelly Fields 1, 2 and 3, and Brooks Field something like 250,000 men and many of the officers are accompanied by their wives. A large and well equipped hotel has taken over considerable property adjoining the Alamo and the place is said to be characterized by a cosmopolitan atmosphere in which the continental element is easily discernable by those who have traveled abroad.

The air above the camp is filled daily with aeroplanes going through their drills and the very spectacular maneuvering forms entertainment for many spectators, including the wives and other women relatives of the men, who are now at the hotel.

MORE INTENSIVE TRAINING

ALLAN Crary was welcomed by many friends during a brief visit, recently concluded in Los Angeles, and it was noted that the army camp life has thus far been very kind to him, affects of the splendid military training being evident in added alertness and dignity of bearing.

Allan, who is now a second lieutenant in the ground aviation, is having his full share of transfers. He graduated from the Georgia School of Technology at Atlanta and was then sent to San Antonio, Texas. Later he was ordered back to Atlanta and then again to San Antonio. From there he came here on a brief leave of absence before going to Camp Sevier, Greenville, Georgia, for a brief additional period of intensive training.

While no definite information is being given out regarding the matter,

there is reason to believe that this last move is preliminary to a very near departure for Europe where the young officer will be able to gratify a keen desire for active service which has quickened all his work of training.

While in Los Angeles Lieut. Crary visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crary, 1015 Arapahoe Street. His brother, Lieut. George Crary, has been stationed since last September, at Camp Lewis. Both are Stanford men and members of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

ORDERED TO GEORGIA

A TELEGRAM received here recently by Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Sheedy, announces that their son, Charles, now a first lieutenant in the aviation service, has just gone to Americus, Georgia. Since the opening of the

camp at Wichita Falls, Texas, he had been stationed there, his duties as disbursing officer being very exacting in the new cantonment, and it is understood that similar responsibilities will fall to his lot in the Americus camp, where he has been transferred.

Optimism and general good cheer are notable characteristics of the young lieutenant, who as a member of the popular Los Angeles Bachelor's Club was a recognized leader. He was among the first to answer his country's call when a state of war was declared.

Thomas J. Brant, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Brant, who has been serving as a second lieutenant at the aviation camp, San Antonio, Texas, has also been transferred to Americus, Georgia, where a number of other Los Angeles boys have been ordered within the past few weeks.

Mrs. Brant and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, visited the young lieutenant at San Antonio recently, and had scarcely reached home when a telegram, announcing the transfer, was received.

Lieutenant Brant, who it is understood, is making good progress in the special branch of service to which he has been assigned, is well known as one of the popular young bachelors identified before the war with the younger set here.

TRAINING AT ANAPOLIS

ENSIGN George Whiting, son of Mrs. Gregory Perkins, who has been in special training for navy service, is now at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, where he will take intensive work for four months, and Mrs. Whiting, who formerly was Miss Mildred Wellborn, of Los Angeles, has joined him there.

Mrs. Whiting, it will be remembered, is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Charles Wellborn and was a bride last year. Her brother, Charles Wellborn, Jr., is now a midshipman, also taking instructions at Annapolis, and among other Los Angeles young men, now being trained at Annapolis, are Perry Howard and Wells Morris. Mrs. Howard, who is with her husband at Annapolis, is very well known as formerly of the younger social set here. Before her marriage last year, she was Miss Ruth Greppin, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Greppin. Mrs. Morris, formerly Miss Anita Thomas, also a bride not many seasons ago, remains with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, in this city, while Ensign Morris completes his training at Annapolis.

LOOKING FOR A BARGAIN

THE lady had just come out of Bullock's. The newsboy on the corner was yelling: "Ere ye are; 'Erald—thirty soldiers killed—one cent." The lady held out her hand. "Let me see that paper," she said. The boy handed one to her. She glanced at the headlines. "I'll take this one," she said decisively, and reached into her handbag to get her pocketbook.



VAN R. KELSEY

Prominent Young Los Angeles Businessman Who Has Just Assumed New Business Relations

BY THE WAY

SOMEbody put one over on Governor Stephens the other day. The Governor, you know, is a candidate to succeed himself, but he thinks now is altogether too early to start any political campaigns, when the election is not to be held until way along next November, and even the primary election, to nominate candidates, not until late in August. So, in order to set a good example to the other candidates, in these trying war times, the Governor has deferred the starting of his own campaign indefinitely, and in the meantime he is moving around from one place to another over the state, making speeches about one thing and another, and meeting people of one sort and another, but not doing any politics, of course. Well, the other day he happened to drop into Napa, just for the day, you know, and it happened, much to his surprise, that the Rural Firemen of Napa county were holding a meeting that day, and happening to learn, by the merest accident, that the Governor was in town, they asked him to make them a speech, and the Governor, reluctantly, but nevertheless graciously, consented, and made them a fine extemporaneous talk, something along the line of what a Governor of a great state like California ought to be—you know, the kind of man who ought to be chosen to hold the reigns of government in a great state like California in these trying war times. And greatly to the surprise of the Governor, and possibly, too, of his press agent, the full report of this meeting at Napa, together with the speech of the Governor, in full, appeared in an afternoon newspaper in San Francisco, which was on the street an hour or so before the meeting at Napa started. A newspaper has no right to do a thing like that.

HOW STRONG OUR HABITS ARE?

JUST by way of illustrating the force of habit we chronicle here the sad case of two old cronies—by which we mean long-time friends—who had acquired what may be termed the Alexandria middle-of-the-day habit. For years they had been meeting at the Alexandria, at or about the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, and standing in a certain place, with one foot on the low railing while they discussed current events together. Then came the Gandier law, abolishing bartenders, and making it hard for everybody to make an honest living.

It was particularly hard on these two old cronies; not so much in the matter of making a living, perhaps, as in putting the kibosh on that habit. And they did so enjoy that quiet little mid-day meeting at the Alexandria. Forgetting, on the first day the law went into effect, that there was such a thing in existence as the Gandier law, the pair met as usual only to find the doors of their meeting place locked. Then they both remembered about the law, and sadly they parted and went their separate ways. On the following day they went through the same motions, and also again on the day after that. In fact, they kept it up, meeting each day at noon, only to part again upon finding the doors locked.

But one day they found the doors were open. Oh, joy! oh, bliss! and all that sort of thing. Back were come the good old days of yore—almost. The bar was there; the bottles and the glasses were there, the bartenders were there. But, alas! the hard booze was gone! What to do? They thought it over, and they talked it over. And at last they decided.

Promptly at the same old time they met next day, and there was no hesitancy, no false motions. They greeted each other just as they always had done in the good old days gone by; asked after each other's health, and leisurely approached the bar, chatting pleasantly. Their eyes took in the long sweep of shining mahogany and they found the old familiar place. They pushed aside the high stools, and each put a foot on the low rail, and cast an expectant eye on the bartender. "What will you have gentlemen?" the bartender asked. "You may give me an old-fashioned cocktail," one of them answered. "Make mine the same," said the other. The bartender was

wise. He busied himself for a minute with some empty bottles and glasses, the while an amused smile played over his mobile countenance. The old cronies chatted for a minute or two longer, and then they turned away, and found themselves passing a row of tables, all covered in snowy linen, and burdened with dishes and silverware and nappery. "Let's try the lunch here," one of them said. "All right," spoke the other. They sat themselves down. The waiter came and took their order and everything from now on proceeded just as if they were at their club or their favorite restaurant.

And so every day since then they may be seen, these two old cronies, meeting at mid-day as usual, and going through the motions. They get everything they used to get—except the booze. What a wonderful thing is habit?

HOW CAN WOMEN BE SO CRUEL?

OUR old friend tells us that everything is all right in his family now. There was a time when he was wont to believe that he had the meanest wife in the whole world, but not now; no, not now. It was way back in the dark ages, before the Gandier law was a law, or even was thought of, that he used to think he was married to the meanest woman.

In those old days she used to make him take off his shoes every night as soon as he reached home, and then she would carefully examine the soles of them, under the instep, and if they were rubbed smooth she would know that he had had his foot on the bar rail. The poor man was compelled to carry a small piece of sandpaper in his vest pocket, and get off the car every night, two blocks away from his home, lean up against a fence and ruffle up the soles of his shoes under the instep, in order to protect himself from this monster in human form to whom he was tied for life.

But he don't have to do that any more. The Gandier law has changed all that, and his wife is now the sweetest little woman in the whole world. He sits at a table when he drinks his beer or light wine now, and he has thrown away the sandpaper, and relies solely upon the clove and the coffee bean. Time works wondrous changes, doesn't it?

COME ACROSS, YOU PESSIMISTS

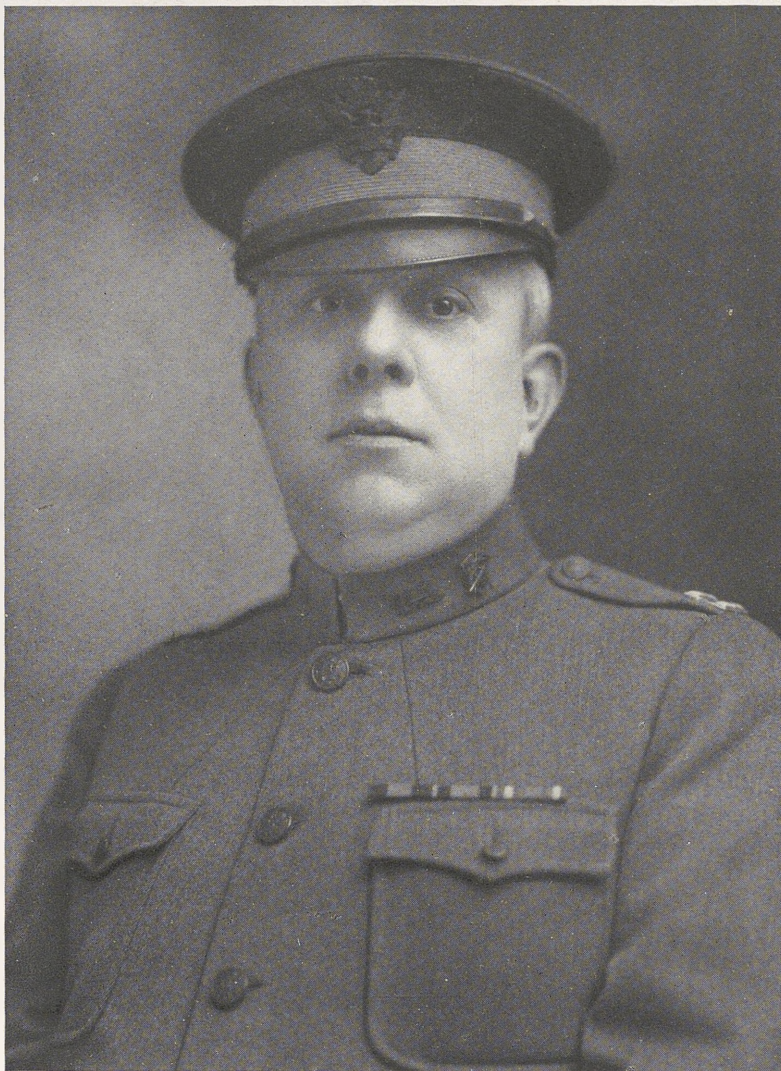
WRITING editorially in his newspaper, the Evening Journal, of Richmond, Va., Sam T. Clover, former editor of THE GRAPHIC, gives his readers a sure

cure for pessimism. "Paths for pessimists, like the march of empire, lie to the west," he says. "Any serious case that needs drastic treatment should buy a return ticket to the Pacific coast, and observe as he travels."

And what is it that is going to cure the pessimist? Why, it is first the woods, with their suggestion of abundant fuel; then the farms, mile after green mile; the orchards in billows of bloom, the fields of green and tender young grain, bands of sheep and cattle feeding on the rolling prairies, the mines in full operation, smoke stacks in all the cities, towns and hamlets, spouting black smoke. America looks like a young man stretching his muscles, to try his new strength, he says. Sounds just like Sam, doesn't it?

TOO MUCH "INADVERTANCE"

WHAT a wonderful time we're having in this town trying to get up a Sunday closing ordinance that will suit everybody, ain't we? Do you suppose we can get it fixed, after a while, so that it will suit even the mayor and the councilmen? Doesn't look like it, does it? Well, we can keep on trying, anyway. But there is this much to say, and it isn't very much, at that: if the mayor, or the acting mayor, or any other official, does too many things "inadvertantly," why, the voters are apt to remember it, and "inadvertantly" vote for somebody else next time they get the chance. That's all there is about that.



Pach Bros., N. Y.

CAPT. BEN JOHNSON

BERTHA MANN—AN IMPRESSION

By JO NEELY

"WHEN we see a soul," says Emerson, "whose acts are graceful and pleasant as roses, we must thank God such things can be and are,"—and when we find such a soul possessed of youth, beauty, rare talent and exquisite charm, we are constrained to add one more bead to the rosary of gratitude, one more prayer of thanks that such "can be and is."

I saw her first on a day when the year was at midsummer, the atmosphere was hot and languorous—unrest was in the air. It was in a busy mart of commerce, there was the usual bustling throng, but there was not the "happy bustle" often seen—voices sounded either weary or listless, nervously querulous or pitched to the point of impatience. Life seemed very flat and stale, and the joys thereof were dry as dust. Then a voice quite near me spoke—not with the wisdom of many years, not in parables to make one wonder—just an everyday phrase expressing appreciation of service, but the voice made a new note in the day, and I listened—"and listening I looked and looking I lingered." It belonged—this voice—to a girl—a girl who might have been eighteen or twenty-five. She was Youth, but I did not think of that—she was most fair to look upon—she was Loveliness—but I did not think of that. Her manner was most gracious,—she was Charm, but I did not think of that. She was like her voice—she was *different*. She was obviously possessed of all these attributes, and also "that something" which cannot be described, but without which all else is as naught—that which is more than beauty or youth, *personality*.

"Isn't she a dream?" asked the bright faced youth who had so happily supplied her wants, beaming at me with a smile which would melt the determined severity of an anchorite. "I don't know," I answered, "she's rather wonderful. Who is she?"

"That's Miss Mann, leading woman at the Morosco," he replied, "I think she's—," but just then another would-be purchaser claimed his attention (and his smile), and I continued on my way.

Many incidents, or episodes, or even impressions, fall away into the dark obscure, never to be recalled again, while others with no poignancy or tragedy about them to give them depth, no epoch-making circumstances to sharpen their outlines, still live—so has my first impression of *The Girl* remained in my memory. Not that Miss Mann is in any sense immature in her girlishness. One could see that she knew life and faced it bravely, clear-visioned, unafraid—that she had her problems and her troubles, but that she would fight them to a finish, or laugh them away as the case might be. They have continued to come thick and fast, these impressions. Each time one sees her—lo! a "bran" new one; they come tumbling one over the other at each turn of her bright head, each intonation of her charming voice.

Since then I have grown to know Bertha Mann, the actress, in all her moods and tenses, or at least most of them, for with the general public of Los Angeles I have had many rendezvous with the Morosco Company since her advent in this city. Her appeal is universal; she lightens hearts and dispels dull care with her clever brightness, winning sweetness, and the sunshine of her smile. She has an entrancing smile, one which, as Richard Dix's Frenchman says, "fetches" one. It is varied as an April day. Sometimes it is as joyous as the happiest happy child, sometimes it is sad as tears. Sometimes her lips take a mirthful curve, while her eyes seem to hold all the wistful wonder of the world, as if she might be asking:

"Is there no voice in the world to come crying,
'New dreams for old!
New for old!"

Many have long in my heart been lying,
Faded, weary and cold,
All of them, all, would I give for a new one.
(Is there no seeker
Of dreams that were?)
Nor would I ask if the new were a true one;
Only for new dreams!
New for old!"

Mr. Morosco brought Bertha Mann to us just fifteen months ago for an engagement of ten weeks. She was a favorite from the first, but each week has endeared her more to the hearts of the people of Los Angeles, until one now hears her spoken of as *belonging* to Southern California—so deeply has she imbedded herself in their hearts.

Her life to date has been practically spent on the stage, as she began acting at fourteen—playing during that time principally in New York. She has had excellent training and shows it. Arnold Daly is one of her most wonderful influences and beloved memories. Ethel Barrymore has always been her pet idol—since she was a small girl she has had the "look up and adore" feeling about her, and when her first opportunity to know Miss Barrymore presented itself, she was struck with regular stage fright and beat an almost undignified retreat, "but," says Miss Mann, "she is one of the wonders of my life—she is my Santa Claus."

"What have you liked best of the things you have done in your work," I asked. "Well," she replied, "I have had happier times with some other things, but I had more real satisfaction playing in Galsworthy's 'Justice' than any play in which I have ever acted." She played in that with John Barrymore, just before leaving New York—to which place, by the way, she declares her intention of returning during the late summer or early autumn, "much as I regret leaving California," she adds in her most earnest and convincing voice. With so few years behind her—she is only twenty-four—Bertha Mann is without doubt facing a big future. She has much talent, unusual versatility, earnestness of purpose, high ideals—she is a student, a worker, and has sympathy and a superb sense of humor.

Just now she is toiling like the busy beaver for the soldiers,

through that wonderful avenue, the "Stage Women's War Relief," and means to take a scientific course in nursing when she returns East, "for," she says, "if I can't go to France, I can at least be of use when our boys begin to come home." Also she is spending every spare moment helping in every possible way at the Mason Opera House headquarters, and she even knits while standing in the wings waiting for her cue to go on. The positive passion with which she is collecting old kid gloves would be funny were it not tragic. She has them taken to the theatre to her and she personally sees them safely to their final destination to be converted into jackets for the aviators. This fact should prove of interest to the mutable many male admirers—wouldn't it be a graceful thing to prove some of these emphatic statements many of you are constantly making by sending large donations of leather, it doesn't necessarily need to be old gloves, to aid and abet the fair workers in this very good cause?

And her interest is *not* acting—she is playing her "part" wonderfully as always, but playing it with her heart. Yes undoubtedly she is an actress, an artist, and the finest work of Art and God—a Personality—for personalities are like poets, they are born, not made.

God bless you, Bertha Mann. Los Angeles will miss you, but may Life bring your Heart's Desire, and may all your dreams come true.



BERTHA MANN

TAKING CARE OF YOUR SICK BOY

By TELFORD WORK

An ambulance drives up to the door. The driver and orderly descend from the front of the machine. From the back of the ambulance the two men draw forth a stretcher upon which, wrapped in an army blanket, lies the form of a soldier. Between groups of doctors, Red Cross Army nurses and enlisted men of the medical corps, the stretcher with easy movement is carried by gentle hands into the receiving ward. It is an incident in a day of events at the huge base hospital at Camp Kearny.

If Camp Kearny is a man-factory wherein the raw materials of civilian life are moulded into strong, virile, soldierly men, then the base hospital is the repair shop wherein the damaged products of the factory are repaired in physique and renewed in spirit.

Living in clean-swept wards, ministered unto by kind-faced and deft-fingered nurses, doctored by physicians who rank high in their professions, and attended by sympathetic corpsmen, the soldier-patients at the base hospital lead a happy existence. They fare well, as is attested by the fact that out of the twelve thousand patients who have passed through the hospital since its establishment, only eighty have died. In its record for few deaths Camp Kearny ranks among the first half dozen of the country.

The men are well cared for and receive good medical attention. The doctors see to that. The nurses supply the touch of home for which all of the men hunger. And the chaplains and Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. workers furnish to the patients comradeship and sympathy, reading matter and letter paper, upon the latter of which the injured and sick can write letters home.

Appreciating the fact that the sickness of sturdy young men is often not so much of the body as it is of the mind, the military authorities are doing much to cheer the sick and injured soldier patients. Everything has been done to dispel discouragement. Chaplains and Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. workers have been given the run of the wards.

The story is told by Chaplain G. L. Horene, assigned on special duty to the base hospital, of a sergeant who was taken to the hospital in a serious condition. For some days he lingered. Then one evening he sent for the chaplain.

"Chaplain," he said, "I'm dying. Draw up my will." Chaplain Horene drew up the will.

"Chaplain," the man moaned, "Write a letter to my mother." The letter was written. Then the visitor asked if there was anything else that he could do.

"Yes," the sick sergeant said, "You can talk to me."

And the chaplain talked. He talked as he never talked before. He talked for two hours, telling as he had never preached it, the message of life.

When Chaplain Horene went back to see the man the following morning, the patient was better. Today the sergeant is walking around camp as strong and hale as ever. And in his pocket he carries his will—a silent testimony to the power of a word of cheer.

The healing power of cheerfulness is recognized at the base hospital. The nurses preach the doctrine. The doctors preach it. Everybody practices it. There is no calamity-howling and



LIEUT. COL. GEORGE F. LULL
Commander of Unit No. 35 and Acting Commandant of Base Hospital

no kicking. Everybody grins and jokes. Of evenings the scores of huge wards at the hospital resemble so many college fraternity houses and the patients act like a bunch of carefree college boys. Jokes are cracked, such pranks as are compatible with weak limbs and flat backs are played, and songs are sung. The popular ditty which the patients sing is: "I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well, I'm in love with a beautiful nurse." Nurses, doctors, chaplains and ward-workers are unanimously of the opinion that in recent months the atmosphere of the wards has become one of optimism and cheer.

Second to the spirit of cheer among the sick and injured men there is to be noted the spirit of sympathy. Among the patients at the Camp Kearny hospital the same unselfish spirit of sacrifice as has been noted among the wounded on foreign battlefields is in evidence. Patients coming into the wards are welcomed enthusiastically by the old-timers. They are told all the latest ward jokes and are made acquainted with the failings and strong points of the various doctors and nurses. With

pleasantries which would please the grumpiest misanthrope they are made to feel at home in their new environment and as members of a big family. It is in the wards when flat on their backs that the soldiers can be best seen putting into practice their religion of looking out for the other fellow.

One of the nurses tells the story of a soldier who lay dying. He had only a few minutes in which to live. The nurse stopped by his bedside and held his hand. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" she asked.

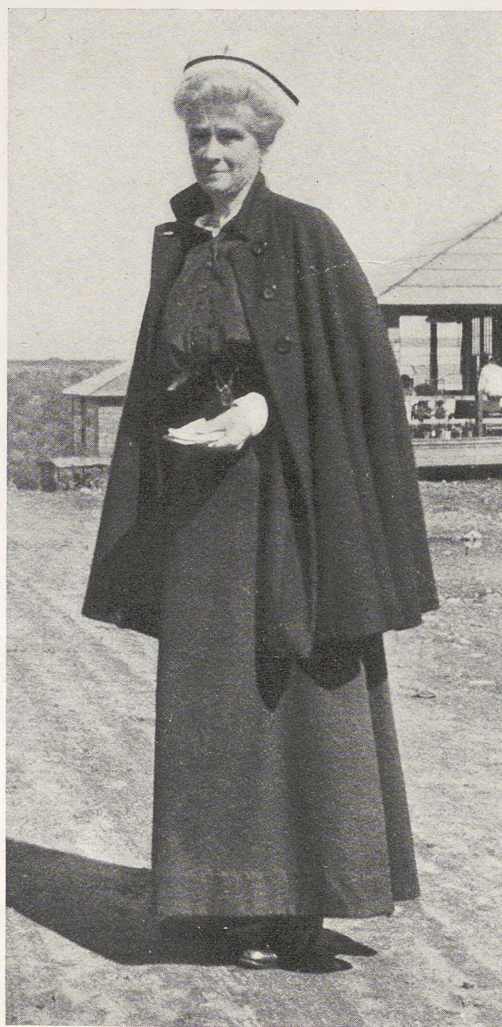
The man shook his head. "No," he said. "I thank you for what you have already done for me, nurse. I'm passing out. I know it. You can't do anything. But some of the other fellows have a chance. I wish you would go help them." The nurse went.

This spirit of thoughtfulness for others is repeatedly to be noticed in the death scenes at the base hospital, according to Chaplain Horene. Chaplain Horene has watched more than fifty soldiers at the hospital pass out into the great beyond.

A mother sat by a cot at the hospital while her only boy lay dying. The soldier asked the chaplain to lean over. He whispered into the chaplain's ear: "You tell mother to go outside for a while. My passing will distress her." The chaplain took the mother out, and when he went back into the room the spirit of a thoughtful soldier had gone.

Soldiers at the hospital die like heroes, according to Chaplain Horene. He says that their one regret is that they won't get the chance to go "over there" and take part in the downing of Kaiserism. A second lieutenant died a few days ago. Before passing he called in the nurses of his acquaintance and told them goodbye. Then he said farewell to the doctors. Turning to the chaplain he said: "Tell mother how I died and how I loved her. Tell her I've gone on to do other work." Chaplain Horene says that the manner in which that man died saved the mother's life.

A personal interest is taken by General Strong in every patient. Every day the general pays a visit to the hospital. He walks through the establishment ward by ward, speaking a word



MISS F. L. RUTLEY
Head Nurse in charge of Base Hospital



GROUP OF NURSES IN FRONT OF THEIR DORMITORY

of encouragement here and smiling at a sick or injured man there. The fact that their general is interested in them enough to call, does much to hearten and cheer the invalided soldiers.

The Y. M. C. A. maintains a building at the hospital. It is at this structure that officers and men and Red Cross nurses get much of their recreation. The Y. M. C. A. puts on movie shows, musical entertainments and religious services. Baseball outfits and croquet sets are provided for the diversion of convalescent soldiers. The secretaries distribute reading matter and writing paper among the patients of the different surgical and medical wards.

The Red Cross is shortly going to erect a large convalescent house at the hospital. For the present they are keeping a man working among the patients. Father Moore looks after the welfare of Catholic soldiers and works hand in hand with Chaplain Horene and the Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

Testimony to the satisfaction of mothers and fathers with hospital conditions, is borne by numerous letters which have been received by Capt. James M. Lathrop, adjutant at the hospital. One father telegraphs after he has received news of his son's death: "We are stunned but thank you for what you did for the boy." A mother writes: "I feel that everything is being done for my son that can be done for his welfare and comfort. I shall always have a good word after this for the hospital corps of the army. Everything looked neat, clean and sanitary as could be."

A pathetic sentence in a trusting letter from an old grandmother who lost a grandson at the hospital reads: "Use his money as you think best, but please send me his hat."

Composing the forces which man the base hospital and administer to the needs of the hundreds of patients are ninety-eight women Red Cross Army nurses, about a hundred doctors who are mostly commissioned as majors, captains and lieutenants, and several hundred enlisted men.



AT THE RECEIVING WARD
With Capt. Charles E. Cunningham in charge

The nurses are all graduates of recognized training institutions, and though known as Red Cross nurses they receive their pay directly from the government and are subject to military law as are the officers and men. Miss Sophia Rutley is head nurse, a woman whose capability and personality has endeared her to all.

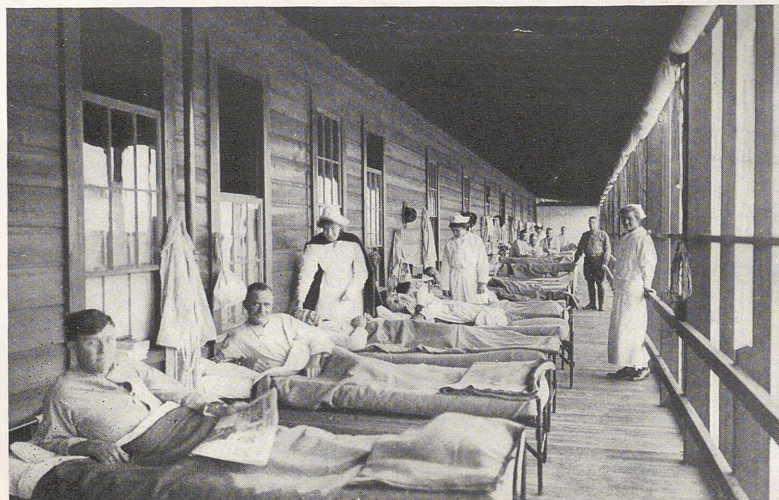
The commissioned officers of the base hospital unit are all graduated of recognized medical colleges. Lieut.-Col. F. W. Palmer, commander of the unit, is a regular army man and saw service in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. He also saw service with Pershing in Mexico.

Maj. Philip S. Chancellor, chief of the medical service at the base hospital, formerly served with the British army, and Major J. R. McDill, chief of the surgical service, served with the Red Cross in Germany before the United States entered the war. Maj. Robert Smart, chief of the corps of enlisted men, has seen service in the Philippines. Maj. Joseph M. Moss, assistant adjutant, before the outbreak of the war, belonged to the medical reserve. In fact, most of the officers at the base hospital are medical reserve men. There are few regular army men in the contingent.

Base hospital Unit No. 35, which is in training at the Camp Kearny base hospital in preparation for overseas service, is composed mostly of Los Angeles men.

Lieut.-Col. George F. Lull, who is in command of Unit 35, is a regular army man. He is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College and has been in service since April, 1912. Preceding his assuming command of Unit 35 at Camp Kearny, Col. Lull was in command of the base hospital at Camp Beauregarde, Louisiana. In the absence of Lieut.-Col. Palmer, who has been away on a twenty-day furlough, Col. Lull has been in command.

Associated with Col. Lull as officer-chiefs of Unit 35 are Maj. J. J. VanKathoven, chief of the surgical service, and Maj. Walter Brown, chief of the medical service.



THE WIDE PORCHES INDUCE RAPID CONVALESCENCE
Capt. Ralph Hagan and his competent nurses look well pleased with the condition of their patients



INTERIOR OF SURGICAL WARD NO. 1
It looks so inviting that one almost wishes to become a patient under the care of Lieut. Vishi

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

It used to be that "driving" signified a sense of luxurious pleasure. Back in the days of Old Dobbin it meant idling contentedly along in a buggy, 'neath silv'ry moon and star-set sky, and all that. In our more modern age it has meant skimming along paved boulevards in one's Ford or automobile, out into God's wonder spots. But "driving" in its ultra modern interpretation means none of these things. It is antithetical. Today, "driving" means, in most part, "walking." It means walking many fatiguing miles and climbing hills, and stairways and sky-scrappers (via the elevator routes). And paradoxical as it may seem, the more enthusiastic and earnest one is in modern "driving," the more he "walks," for driving nowadays means "driving" one's self. All of which is apropos of the big Red Cross drive that is now on. Every loyal and patriotic American is in the harness on this great nation-wide campaign, which begins in all seriousness today, following the parade of Saturday, when the "drivers" all walked. Los Angeles went over the top with flying colors in the Liberty Loan drive and placed itself high on the list of patriotic cities with its generous response to Uncle Sam's call. And in this great humanitarian appeal every woman, every man and every child may be depended upon to do his part with equal zest. In the Liberty Loan campaign, the women of the state under the chairmanship of Mrs. E. R. Brainerd, and the women of Los Angeles city and county under the chairmanship of Mrs. J. T. Anderson, proved themselves adept at this new form of "driving," and in the Red Cross campaign now on, more than 3000 Los Angeles women have volunteered their services, so that club workers, society leaders and home-keepers during the next week will devote their interests and time to "driving" one million dollars into Uncle Sam's Red Cross coffers.

Mrs. G. C. Noble of New York and San Francisco is a charming visitor in Los Angeles just now and the house guest of Mrs. Cosmo Morgan. Mrs. Noble is the daughter of the late General Duff Green and is devoting all of her time to war work, being especially interested in the Woman's National Service League interests. A number of enjoyable social affairs have been given in honor of Mrs. Noble. Mrs. Eli P. Clark of St. James Park was hostess last Monday at a luncheon, given at Hotel Clark. The luncheon table was centered with an exquisite bowl of roses and following the luncheon the guests were entertained at the home of Mrs. Clark, knitting for soldiers being the pastime for the afternoon. Besides the guest of honor others invited were Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mrs. Howard Huntington, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, Mrs. Joseph Lewis, Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. J. W. Montgomery, Mrs. Joseph K. Clark, Mrs. Lee Allen Phillips, Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, Mrs. E. S. Roberts, Mrs. Charles Prager, Mrs. Walter Raymond, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. H. Jevne and Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke. Wednesday Mrs. C. C. Carpenter entertained with a luncheon at the Craggs Country Club, complimenting Mrs. Noble, other guests were Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Charles Prager, Mrs. Joseph K. Clark, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Eli P. Clark and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys. Thursday at her apartments at Venice, Mrs. Joseph K. Clark entertained with a fish luncheon, inviting a dozen other guests to meet Mrs. Noble, who is leaving in a day or two for the north to take up her canteen work.

Society has another delightful surprise in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Anne Wharton, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Wharton

of 1624 Gramercy place, and Mr. Ernest de Gray Clements, which took place Monday evening, April 29 at Christ's Episcopal church with the Rev. Baker P. Lee reading the service. Owing to the serious illness of the father of the bride the wedding was extremely simple, only the bride's mother, brother and one or two friends witnessing the ceremony. The engagement of the young people was announced several weeks ago and the marriage was planned to take place later, but the war and possibility of the bridegroom receiving a hurried call away, changed their plans. We are trying to get used to these sudden changes in wedding plans for they are becoming the rule nowadays instead of the exception. The bride is an at-



MISS ELIZABETH JUDAH

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Judah of Los Angeles, whose engagement to Lieutenant William Foster Horner has been announced.

The wedding will culminate a college romance, begun at Stanford

tractive southern girl, a graduate of Marlborough and a member of the class of '17 of the University of California, and has a wide circle of friends. Mr. Clements is a member of a prominent English family from London and is a graduate of King's College. Captain Wharton, the bride's father, is a member of the order of Cincinnati, a distinction that comes to few, there being only two other members of the order in California.

After an absence of three months in San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. Hancock Banning has returned to Los Angeles, bringing with her her son, Lieutenant George Hugh Banning, who has been ill during all this time. Lieutenant Banning was on his way from the east to the aviation school at San Antonio and was stricken with appendicitis while en route. Mrs. Banning who was taking the rest cure at the Good Samaritan Hospital, upon hearing of the illness of her son, started for the southern city immediately, and has remained at his bedside meanwhile until the young officer was able to travel. Lieutenant Banning will not return to San Antonio but instead will report for duty at San Diego the first week in June, meanwhile he will rest and recuperate his strength at the fam-

ily home at Wilmington, and pass a part of the time also at Catalina. Mrs. Banning first conceived the idea of the Red Cross shops and Tea room, and until her trip south directed the work carried on at the Chapter house here. She organized a Red Cross Chapter House in San Antonio and another at one of the army camps.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of recent date at Hotel del Coronado was the dinner party given by Captain and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton in the Grill preceding the mid-week ball, the table being centered with fragrant spring blossoms and foliage and covers arranged for Captain and Mrs. Dutton, Major and Mrs. William G. Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. McDonogh, Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy, Mrs. Austin L. Sands, Miss Rhoda Fullam, Mrs. C. Philip Snyder, Major V. E. C. Dashwood, Captain R. J. Pinto and Lieutenant Lawrence B. McCreery. Another affair of Wednesday evening was the dinner dance given by Mr. John J. Hernan honoring Miss Frances Lunkenheimer, who with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bartlett Shideler of Oak Knoll, motored down from the Crown City for a week's visit. The table was arranged in the breakfast room and was covered with masses of fragrant sweet peas and feathery gypsophyllia blooms, covers being laid for Mr. Hernan, Miss Lunkenheimer, Miss Grace Noe, Mrs. Louise Emery, Miss Marion Hays, Miss Esther Praeger, Mrs. John I. Cassidy, Mrs. Richard Hollen, Mrs. Mickle, Lieutenant and Mrs. George L. Walter, Miss Mary Keck, Mrs. G. T. Trommald, Captain Richard Gile, Lieutenant Lee Prettyman, Captain W. H. Lillie, Major W. R. Moose, Lieut. L. S. Greene, Lieut. R. P. Loose, Mr. Earl Dougherty, Mr. Jack Holland and Lieut. A. D. Shackleton. Captain and Mrs. Harry Gantz entertained Sunday with a picnic party, motoring out into the back country for luncheon, returning to Coronado late in the afternoon. Those included were Miss Marion Winston and her brother, James Winston of Duarte, who are houseguests of the Gantz', Brigadier General and Mrs. Herman Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond V. Morris, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Mrs. Ruth V. Parsons, Major William J. Fitzmaurice, Major William B. McChord and Lieutenant Robert M. Mairesse.

A wedding that will interest many friends in Los Angeles and Pasadena as well as in Northern California, was celebrated last Saturday in San Francisco when Miss Marie Goodman became the bride of Lieutenant Arthur K. Wyde, U. S. R. The ceremony was performed Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock at Hotel Cecil in San Francisco, about two hundred guests being invited to the wedding. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Louis F. Gottschalk of Fedora street, Los Angeles, who left for the Bay city last Thursday to attend the wedding. She is the daughter of Mrs. George E. Goodman, Jr., and a granddaughter of the late Mr. George E. Goodman, head of banking affairs in Napa for many years. She was educated in New York and Paris and is talented as a musician, having inherited her talent for musical composition from her maternal grandfather, Harrison Millard, who a decade ago was composer of "When the Flowing Tide Comes In." Lieutenant Wyde is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wyde of Seattle, and before entering the second training camp at the Presidio, was himself in business there. He is now stationed at Camp Fremont. The bride has frequently visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gottschalk here and has hosts of friends in Southern California.

Mrs. Lawrence Barker has returned to her home in Los Angeles from a pleasant visit in the north, Mr. Barker being stationed in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Danziger of Beverly are also home from a short trip to San Francisco. Mrs. Dan-

ziger is one of the tireless workers at the Red Cross shop at Eighth and Alvarado. Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., who has been enjoying an extended eastern trip is home again. Mrs. John Milner of LaSalle avenue is leaving in a few days for Chicago where she will be the house guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michod. Mrs. Michod is pleasantly remembered as Miss Elsie Milner, popular in club and social circles in Los Angeles, while a resident of this city. Mrs. Milner plans to be away for several weeks. Mrs. Ygnacio Sepulveda is in San Francisco visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Chapman.

Major and Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven of Los Angeles passed the week end at Hotel del Coronado. Major Van Kaathoven, M. D., is stationed at Camp Kearny and Mrs. Van Kaathoven motored down from Los Angeles joining him at Coronado. Mrs. Joseph Barlow Lippincott, who with Mr. Lippincott is passing the season at the Hotel, passed several days last week in Los Angeles, returning to Coronado Monday evening. The Lippincotts have leased their beautiful home in West Adams street and will remain at the

Southland resort while Mr. Lippincott is engaged in Government work at North Island. Mrs. Charles Maxon and her attractive daughter, Miss Winnifred Maxon, of Los Angeles, motored down to Hotel del Coronado for the week end, as did also Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, Miss Mona Wood, Mrs. E. Clarkson, Mrs. C. E. Jensen, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Dana Wiley, Mrs. Frederick K. Rindge, Jr., and Miss Dorothy Youmans.

Mr. and Mrs. Orra E. Monnette, of Garden Court, Hollywood, entertained Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Henchey of the Garden Court, who are soon to start upon a vacation trip East, going by auto over the old Santa Fe trail. A specially patriotic dinner was given at the California Club and followed by a theater party at the Mason to see "The Wanderer." In addition to the host and hostess, the guests were, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Henchey, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Monnette, Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Bonygne, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Earle Remington, Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Luton, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Godin, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Talbot.

WAR'S HOSPITALS

Ernest McGaffey

Within War's hospitals abide
The shapes of those would best have died.

The ones whom utter blindness dims;
The trunks from whence the mangled limbs

Were shorn to save a remnant life;
Mistaken kindness of the knife,

The lancet, saw, and chloroform
That mar a man to grovelling worm.

And hoarsely in these wooden walls
Some gaunt, delirious soldier calls,

Some one by wounds and suffering crazed
With nerves and senses battle-dazed,

Whose troubled soul is taking flight
Winged with the memories of the fight.

And through the wards the nurses pass
To cool the brows, to lift the glass,

To sterilize the lancets keen
To stand apart, sedate, serene,

Or kneel beside a corpse's bed
With tears above the happy dead.



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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

HOW the war has affected and most surely played serious havoc with the social world. One scarcely hears of any affair that has been given with the old time brilliancy. We hear of the bravery of our soldiers in the trenches, of the marvellous activities of the Red Cross, but society has seemingly put into the background all thought of anything other than war work and entertaining that does not have for its purpose and reason, some war interest. However, just ahead are several important weddings and just now many pretty though informal parties are being given in honor of these engaged girls. Of much interest is the wedding-to-be of Miss Georgiana Drummond, which is to be an event of Wednesday June 26. Miss Drummond is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond of Pasadena and her engagement to Ensign Francis Baer of Pasadena was made known a few weeks ago. In keeping with the many war weddings of the last year or two, Miss Drummond's will be simple in all its appointments. Miss Jean Shaffer is to be another June bride, her marriage to Lieutenant T. N. Beggs, Twenty-first Infantry, will take place Saturday, June 1, at the home of Mrs. Marcus Marshall, sister of the bride-elect, in Pasadena. This too will be a simple affair only relatives and a few close friends being invited to witness the ceremony. June first is also the date for another interesting wedding, that of Miss Beatrice Holdredge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel D. Holdredge of 430 South Wilton place, whose betrothal to Mr. Curtis P. Taylor, recently announced, was news of much interest to their many friends. Miss Holdredge, it will be remembered, was the patriotic girl who chose Liberty Bonds instead of a diamond as her betrothal gift from her fiancé. Their wedding will be a home affair too and one of the most beautiful of the weddings this year. In every detail the affair is to be in white. Only white blossoms will be used to decorate the rooms and white will be the motif of the color scheme in the table appointments and refreshments. The bride will wear a frock of white, with a soft filmy veil and carry bride's roses. Miss Ruth Holdredge, sister of the bride, will be maid of honor and will wear white carrying white blossoms. The bridegroom, his best man, the minister, the Rev. Dr. James Francis, and the entire bridal party will be dressed in white, even the going away gown will be of a smart white tailleur with white hat and white shoes to match. About 150 guests have been invited to witness the ceremony. Of interest to the social world of Los Angeles and Salt Lake City will be the wedding of Miss Isabel Rice and Mr. James Utley, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley of Menlo avenue, Los Angeles. No definite date has yet been named for the marriage of Miss Rice and Mr. Utley but it is planned to be early in the summer. Miss Rice is a Salt Lake City girl, but a year or so ago came with her mother, Mrs. W. V. Rice, to Los Angeles to reside and they have taken a house quite recently at the corner of Fourth street and Alexandria avenue, where they are at home to their friends. Mrs. Henry O'Melveny was a recent hostess entertain-

ing with a luncheon in honor of Miss Rice. Other delightfully informal courtesies will be extended this attractive bride-elect.

And speaking of coming weddings, the marriage of Miss Martha Westbrook and Captain Hugh K. Berkeley, which took place at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, May 8, in St. Augustine's Church by the Sea at Santa Monica, gave an auspicious start to the early summer weddings in society. It was really one of the charming affairs of the season. Over the chancel a great American flag was draped and to the strains of America the

an event of the month for brides, June. Miss Miles is one of the attractive members of the Patriotic League and an ardent Red Cross worker. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Miles of 43 Westmoreland place, a graduate of Mount Vernon Seminary of Washington, D. C., and a popular member of the younger social set in Los Angeles. Mr. Gilfillan, the lucky bridegroom-elect, is the son of Mrs. Cora Gilfillan of 2430 East Gramercy Park, and is the head of the firm of Gilfillan Bros., manufacturers, here. He is a graduate of Stanford University. The wedding will be a simple home affair and will take place about the middle of June. It is also a matter of congratulation among the friends of the young people that unlike many of our recent weddings, the young couple will make their home in Los Angeles.

Complimenting several out-to-town friends, Mrs. C. W. Hinchcliffe of 1372 Crenshaw boulevard, entertained last Wednesday with a luncheon. Among her guests were Mrs. Stark and her mother, Mrs. Kays of Chicago, who are en route home after passing a year and a half touring the Orient. Mrs. Hinchcliffe, deeply engrossed in war work and the women were invited to bring like most other society women, is their knitting, that they might pass the time after luncheon in knitting and chatting. Mrs. Stark and Mrs. Kays are leaving today for their home in Chicago.

Lieutenant Fred Reynolds, son of Mrs. Sue B. Reynolds of 2718 Eagle Street, Los Angeles, and a nephew of Governor Stephens, returned home Wednesday on a short leave, having just been graduated from the "School of Fire" at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Lieutenant Reynolds, having had a ten weeks' course in "Problems," reports back to Camp Kearny for duty with the 143rd Field Artillery in which he is a first lieutenant.

On Thursday evening, June sixth, the senior classes of the Cumnock School will hold their commencement exercises at eight o'clock at Cumnock Hall, 200 South Vermont avenue. On Thursday evening, May 3, the 1918 class of Cumnock Academy will give their class play, "In Cleon's Garden." The performance will begin at 8 o'clock at Cumnock Hall. The class of 1918 Cumnock School of Expression will give three recitals, the first one Monday evening, May 27, Tuesday evening, May 28, the second one will be given and the

last recital will be Friday evening, May 31, beginning each evening at 8 o'clock, at Cumnock Hall. On Monday, June 3, a recital and afternoon tea will be given from 4 to 6 at which time Miss Ruth Hamilton, post graduate of the School of Expression will be presented; the recital is scheduled for 4 o'clock.

Miss Margaret Bullock, young and attractive daughter of Mr. J. G. Bullock of 2657 West Ninth street, entertained with a charming musicale at her home last Friday evening. One hundred invitations were issued for the affair. Miss Bullock, who is a brilliant musician, presented a delightful program which included selections from the old and modern masters. Miss Florence Taylor, aunt of the young hostess, was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. A. E. Archibald of Canada, Mrs.



Lou Goodale Bigelow

MRS. KIRBY BARNES CRITTENDEN

Wife of Lieut. Commander Crittenden, U. S. N. Mrs. Crittenden has been at Hotel del Coronado for the past five months

bridal party marched to the altar, on either side of the flag-draped chancel white roses were banked. The bride was attractive in her gown of white Georgette and she wore a veil of rose point lace, her bouquet of bride roses completing her dainty costume. She was given into the keeping of the bridegroom by her father and the Rev. Wallace N. Pierson, rector of the church, read the service. Following a wedding breakfast Captain Berkeley and his bride left for Camp Kearny. The young officer has received orders to report to an eastern camp and expects to go overseas soon.

The news told a few days ago of the betrothal of Miss Edna Miles and Mr. Sennett Gilfillan, proved of interest to their many friends here and a number of delightful affairs will be extended the young people before their wedding which will be

A GLIMPSE OF MEMORY LAND

By ANGELUS AYERES

SWIFTLY, indeed, do men and circumstances shift upon the stage of mortal existence. Said Shakespeare:

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances, and each in his turn, Plays many parts—"

So we pass each along the way, and what matter, after all, about the passing? The difference between the brief sojourn of this pilgrim and that is in the footprints which they leave upon the "sands of time."

It was after I had finished reading a report concerning the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, then in session at Hot Springs, Arkansas, that these thoughts, touching the life of the late Madame Caroline M. Severance, flitted across my mind. I wonder how many women at that great convention grew reminiscent regarding the beloved "Mother of Clubs." A very large percent, probably.

Unquestionably Madame Severance, who is recognized as the founder of the first woman's club in America, was a person of broad, far-reaching vision, and yet would not even she be surprised could she behold today the full flower of the seedling which she planted in Boston in 1868—two million women, thoroughly organized, offering their united services for the promotion of the Allies' cause in the present world conflict!

Yet those whose memories are long and strong enough will recall that since 1899 there has reposed in the cornerstone of the Friday Morning Club House, South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, a message from Madame Severance which is unlimited in the scope of its prophecy as to what women will be ready and able to accomplish as the years go by, through co-operation.

For placement in the cornerstone she wrote: "To the highest welfare of our homes, our schools, our city, our country and the world, we dedicate the beautiful club house which is to arise upon this foundation—pledging ourselves that nothing human shall be foreign to our sympathy and our helpfulness herein.

"We rejoice in what woman has already wrought for herself and for others through her club fellowship and we feel assured that greater things than these she will do in the fairer future before her."

Madame Severance, who was founder not only of the first woman's club in America, but also of the first one in Los Angeles, accompanied her husband, T. C. Severance, to this city in 1869, and they settled in a "far away suburb—the West Adams district—where a cottage was built for them within a short distance of Hoover street. It is one of the few early dwellings to survive, standing yet in the same beautiful grounds which later became the site also for a magnificent residence built by their son, Mark Sibley Severance.

Not since Madame Severance concluded her earthly pilgrimage in November, 1914, has anything at El Nido,

her vine-covered West Adams Street home, been disturbed. The last book she consulted remains where she laid it down and the atmosphere of her presence seems still to pervade the cool, quiet rooms where in days gone by, some of the world's most notable men and women were entertained.

Sometime, perhaps before long, her relatives say, the place must be taken in hand. The house—a frame structure—is too old for remodeling and may be removed, but the late owner's valuable books with their still more valuable autographs—her rare pictures and favorite pieces of furniture, will no doubt, be cherished always by those whose privilege it is to possess them.


Meantime there is much reluctance on the part of relatives about making the inevitable changes, and the old house, called in earlier days "Red Roof," stands like the reflection of a glory that has passed; brighter tints giving place to more sombre hues as the sunlight of Madame Severance's well-spent life draws further away, leaving in earth's twilight the house she no longer needs. Soon it, too, must be shifted from the scene of mortal activity.

But the sunlight of Madame Severance's real existence—her thought life—will continue to shine; to radiate, into broader and broader circles until the globe is encompassed with the united humanitarian services of womankind—a service calculated to relieve the war-distressed world and hasten the dawn of peace.

It was in 1878 that the first woman's club was organized in Los Angeles with Madame Severance as president and the first meetings were held in the Hollenbeck hotel, the club moving later to the old Caledonia hall in South Spring Street. I remember some time after that attending a meeting of the club in the Owens Block, South Broadway, when several men were admitted as guests. If I mistake not the club had one or more temporary homes besides, prior to occupying its new building in 1900. It was there when the memorable General Federation session was held here in the old Simpson Auditorium in 1904, and the Ebelle, organized in 1894, was also by that time a flourishing club.

In those early days Madame Severance was very closely associated with the late Mrs. Charlotte M. Wills, who became the Friday Morning Club's first vice-president. The latter, whose husband was John A. Wills, belonged to the LeMoyne family, well known on the Atlantic Coast, and it is understood that she and Madame Severance were friends before they came to Los Angeles.

Hence it happened that the matter of home location in the new country to which they had come became a problem for much discussion between the two households which reached Los Angeles about the same time. The friends would fain have been neighbors, but their estimates of relative real estate values varied to such an extent that this could not be.

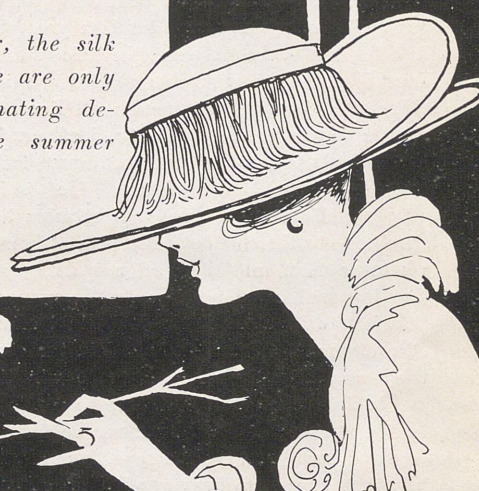


One may be sure of looking one's best—if the hat worn is a Ville interpretation.

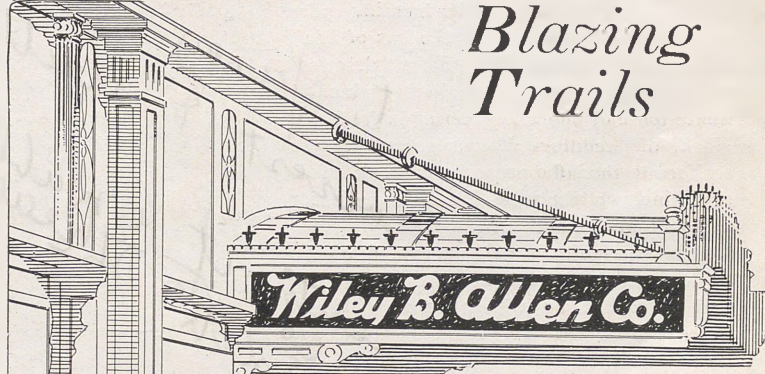
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SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"Reading is the Key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination, to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments. It enables us to see with the keenest eyes, to hear with the finest ears, and to listen to the sweetest voices of all time."

"HOW long we live, not years but actions tell," and by that token, Boyd Cable, despite his comparative youth, has already lived rather a long life, and one made rich by action; for he has never stood on the order of doing, but has *done* many things, and done them well. He comes of Scottish parentage, and first saw the light of day in the far East, India being his birthplace, but he has set his feet on many shores, and adventures in many lands. Having always worshipped at the shrine of the "God of the Open Air," he possesses the *bigness* of nature which comes from living with only the sun and wind for walls, and only the sky for roof; and being by birth a doughty Scot, he also possesses courage; courage plus, indeed has he, for his is twofold. He proved it first by going to the front at the very beginning of the war, has continued to prove it by remaining there constantly ever since, and his last proof of it is his last book. It bears the title "Front Lines," and its twenty-one stories are incidents in the lives of men in all lines of service at the front—privates and officers in the infantry, men of the artillery, tank crews,—in short, the soldiers. He talks simply and courageously—straight from the shoulder—to those of us, who, safe at home, wherever that may be, are not doing all that is possible to help. He feels convinced that it is only through the individual effort of every man, woman and child in the civilized world, that we can hope to win the war which will make it possible to continue to live and breathe and have our being. "I beg each war worker," he says, "to remember that every slackening of their efforts, every reduction of output, every day wasted, every stoppage of work, inevitably encourages the enemy, prolongs the war, keeps men chained to the misery of the trenches, piles up the casualties, continues the loss of life." He speaks of the strikes, and the "victories" that are won through them, being gained at the expense of *life*, and paid for in *flesh and blood*, of the cruel discouragement to the soldiers to read the accounts of the careless or ruthless in their continued struggle for personal interest or benefit, while *they* are "paying the price." It is a splendid little book, from the honest pen of a brave man, and it should be widely read. ("Front Lines," by Boyd Cable. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

"SEA Dogs and Men at Arms," by Jesse Edgar Middleton is a book of war lyrics, divided between those of the sea and those pertaining to land warfare. There is an occasional echo of Kipling in the stuff, but on the whole the verse has swing, vigor and good finish. The sea songs are the best and among them "Captains Courageous," "Off Heligoland," "Trafalgar," and "Arrived, H. M. S. Good Hope" are particularly noticeable. "The American Aviator" is a fine lyric. The book closes with a spirited Ballade. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

THIS attempt to explain new France to young America,—for the title stands the transposing—is an excellent idea of Monsieur de Lanux. He tells us in his opening chapter of the way in which the present French generation was formed. After the disasters of 1870 came a period of gloom and disillusionment, which he regards as a time of transition and hesitation—not of affirmation. Their world was waiting for new men with convictions. "It was in 1905," he says, "that our hard training to civic and national life began, with our awakening to danger, and to the great fact that, now, everybody is concerned with everything that happens in the world. The ten following years prepared Frenchmen for 'l'Union Sacree.' It was a part of our equipment for mobilization. And the Kaiser did not know it." He then goes on in a fascinating way to explain "What ethics were theirs in 1914," and what they now are after a four years' struggle, the ethics of

heroism. ("Young France and New America," by Pierre de Lanux. Macmillan.)

THERE is no doubt that if the present war ends in a peace that leaves Alsace-Lorraine in German hands, the democratic heart of the world will be profoundly disappointed. The pedantic historic plea is set up by German professors that the dialect spoken in Alsace is of Teutonic type, and that she belongs racially and essentially to the German Empire. But the present German Empire is less than half a century old, and one hundred and thirty years ago the provinces became staunchly republican. During the wars of the Empire there were no better, braver, more generous Frenchmen in all France. The names of twenty-eight Alsatian Generals are engraved upon the Arc de Triomphe at Paris. When at the Bourbon restorations, Monarchical government was restored, the Alsatians kept to democratic and republican ideals. The argument is concisely presented in a short brochure by Daniel Blumenthal, formerly deputy from Alsace to the Reichstag. The Alsatians remain staunch to the red, white and blue! (Alsace-Lorraine:

A Story of the Relation of the Provinces to France and to Germany and a Presentation of the Just Claims of Their People, by Daniel Blumenthal. Putnam's.)

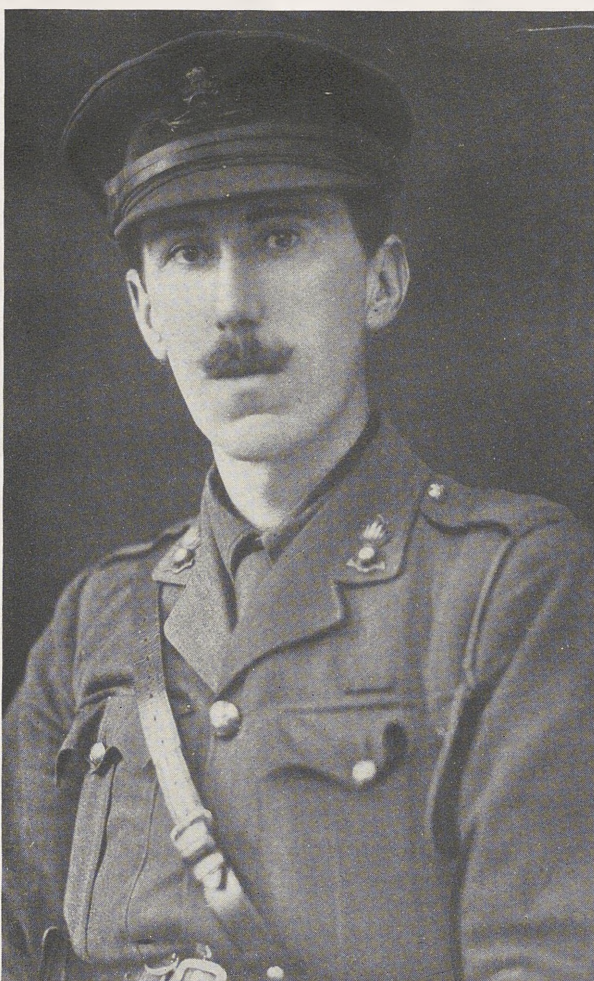
"LONG Heads and Round Heads," or What's the matter with the Germans, by Dr. W. S. Sadler, is an Anthropological dissertation intended to prove that the trouble with Germany is a matter of skull formation. Dr. Sadler believes the time has come to appoint a world-receiver and wind up Germany's affairs. The book is ingenious, novel, and very interesting. He quotes copiously from many German writers to prove, and conclusively, that the Germanic plan of conquest included all America, both North and South. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

THE question of absolute non-resistance as a doctrine implied in a consistent Christianity, is taken up in a searching and final way by Abraham Mitrie Ribbany in this booklet of his. Most people have felt that the misunderstanding of Oriental phrases, so as to inject into them what was never intended by the original speaker, and is wholly unwarranted by the context, has done no little harm. Mr. Ribbany is a Syrian by birth, author of an excellent work, "The Syrian Christ," and he can speak with finality, "What did Jesus mean by the saying, 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' In these words Jesus speaks of the eternal law of retribution, and plainly justifies the taking of the sword against those who would use it in wars of aggression. By taking up arms against those who would subdue and rule other peoples by the sword, America is proving the truth of this Scriptural saying." Very

well put, Mr. Ribbany! (Militant America and Jesus Christ, by Abraham Mitrie Ribbany. Houghton, Mifflin Company.)

RUDYARD Kipling is the most popular writer among the American soldiers in France according to Mr. Alfred M. Brace, supervisor of journalism in the State University of Nebraska, who has been "over there" making a study of the subject.

"THE Earthquake," by Arthur Train, is a story of the awakening of a merchant to the tragedy of the present war. It is not in the least a literary book, nor an addition to literature. Appearing originally in one of the eastern periodicals it could not hope to be, at the best, anything more than mediocre journalism, so far as style (or lack of style) is concerned. Yet crudely as it is told, amateurishly painful in its telling, it is a book which compels attention solely because of its subject. It is a book for everyone, because it tells the plain unvarnished truth about the war. Ten minutes after the war is over it will be "junk," the same as about all of the so-called "war literature" yet printed. But today it is vital. Its very crudity will appeal to the mass of American readers, while its straight-from-the-shoulder arguments will strike a responsive chord in the heart of every American. We have got to fight this war to a finish. Noblesse oblige. Read "The Earthquake" if you ever had any doubt about it. (Scribner's.)



BOYD CABLE

Whose last book, "Front Lines," has just been published in New York

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THE *Angel in the Sun*, and other poems by Edith Daley, contains a number of poems which were printed in *THE GRAPHIC*, together with "The Wind Before the Dawn," which was published in the San Jose Mercury-Herald. In considering this book, there is enough of real poetic promise in it to warrant rigid criticism. In three of the longer poems Mrs. Daley has adopted the metre of Tennyson's well-known *Locksley Hall*. This is unfortunate, as to the critic, for he inevitably recalls the Tennysonian poem, and the inference of its influence immediately suggests itself. This may seem hyper-criticism, but metres made famous in certain poems, and afterwards used by others, necessarily invite comparison. "The Wind Before the Dawn" has some beautiful couplets in it. So has "The White Rose and the Wind," but both of these are in the metre of "Locksley Hall," and it seems a pity the author did not strike out an original measure for both of these poems. In the "Ballade of California" and "Ballade to Autumn," Mrs. Daley has arbitrarily changed the refrain at the completion of each stanza, and at the completion of the envoi, and has marred these otherwise fine Ballades. In writing in the French forms, strict adherence to the rules as regards refrains is not merely for the form's sake, but for the sake of symmetry and the artistic effect. If the refrain in "Ballade of Autumn" had been the same as at the ending of the first stanza—"Where are the flowers of April gone" the ballade would have been a charming one, notwithstanding Rosetti's refrain to the Villon Ballade, of "Where are the snows of yester-year." Had the writer of this review seen these poems before they were printed he would have ventured to call the author's attention to the faults which he is now finding. Indiscriminate praise and flattering comment are too woefully common nowadays in considering both the prose and verse product of writers, and literature, if it be literature indeed, must stand the acid test of time to be stamped as such, however it be hailed in the beginning. Mrs. Daley is at her best in her own metres and moods. "The Red Rose" is a lovely lyric. "The Angel in the Sun" is a very fine sonnet, rhythmical and splendidly sustained, although not following in its form either the Petrarchan or the alternate Italian models. Other short poems in the book hold melody and imagination in them. The little volume holds promise and anticipation in its pages, as well as the performance of poetry achieved, and it is not marred with a line of the slovenly and mangled prose-spasms commonly known as "free verse." Published by The Pacific Short Story Club, San Jose, Cal.

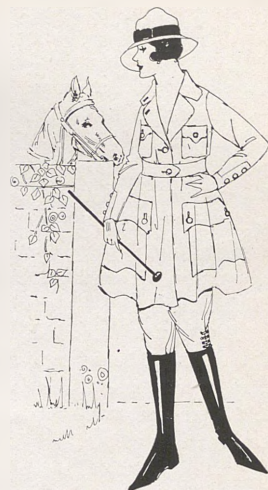
WESSEL GANSFORT, life and writings by Edward Waite Miller, D. D., and Principal Works," translated by Jared Waterbury Scudder, M. A., contained in two volumes, recount the career and work of a Dutch scholar of the 15th Century, whose birth antedated the birth of Martin Luther by some sixty years, and who exercised a powerful influence on the life and teachings of the great Protestant reformer. Wessel Gansfort, or
(Continued on Page 23)

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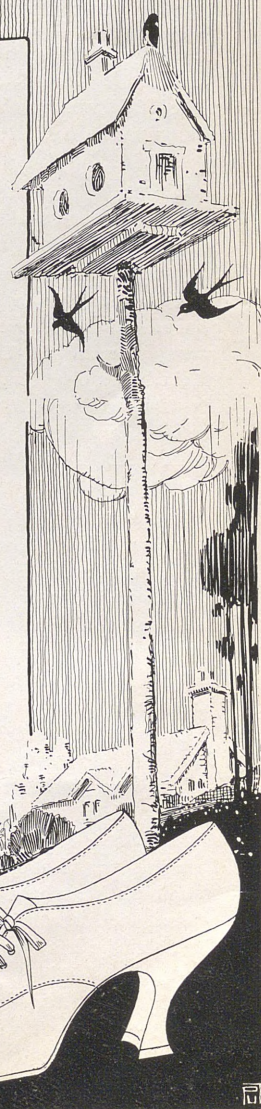
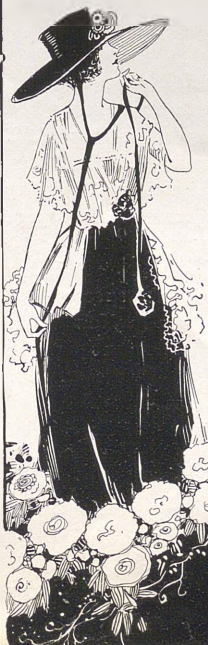
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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W FRANCIS GATES

IT is said that when a crisis arises in the affairs of the world, there always is a man ready for it. Certainly this has seemed true in the history of the United States. There was a Washington for 1776, a Jackson for 1812, a Scott for 1847, a Lincoln for 1861, a Grant for 1865, a Dewey for 1898 and now a Pershing, and who can say who else, for 1918.

And so in musical affairs. When it has come time for one great musician to make his final bow and step behind the curtain, a new face may be seen coming from the prompter's side. This is more notable in the matter of vocal art than instrumental, unless it be that of the violin, which can show a succession from the days of Corelli.

The reason for this is that singing has been less subject to the mutations of fashion. The woman who was a good coloratura singer a hundred and fifty years ago—Catarina Gabrielli, for instance—would hold the same rank on the concert stage of today; but a pianist of seventy-five years ago would be utterly swamped by the notational bombardment of the modern writers for that instrument.

WHILE there is a continual flow of singers more or less prominent, it seems that about every quarter of a century there arises one who stands out as the exponent of the *bel canto* of that period. There has been a notable succession. In the eighteenth century came Bordoni, Gabrielli and Arnould.

In the first quarter of the last century, the star of Catalani was in the ascendant; in the second quarter came Jenny Lind, that paragon of vocal and personal virtues. Shortly after she passed into retirement, the brilliant Patti was the center of vocal attraction and she held the stage longer than any of them, from 1860 to 1910. Then came the day of Melba and Marcela Sembrich, a converted violinist; while Patti was on the wane she was on the ascendant, from 1880 to 1905.

Following this was a day of dramatic singers and the star of coloratura seemed to be temporarily eclipsed, when a new light blazed up and from the prosaic city of Chicago started a course over America that now has reached Los Angeles. That being is Amelita Galli-Curci, who gave two recitals at the Shrine auditorium, Los Angeles, last week.

Of course Galli-Curci, as a singer, was made ere she saw Chicago. Though she had sung in Italy, Spain and in South America, small account of her voice and ability had reached this country, so small, indeed, that when she landed in New York and sought to be heard she was given as cold a shoulder as if she had been an American singer, and that is about the limit of refrigeration. Passing on to Chicago, she was heard and engaged by the management of the opera company of that city and for two years has been its principal star.

Keeping out of New York until this last season, she proved that a New York appearance was not a necessity for an American success—for such a star as she. But when she did condescend to sing in New York, that city had to bow before her wonderful vocalization, even as did the city of Stock Yards. Naturally, Los Angeles music lovers were agog to hear this reincarnation of the great coloratura singers of the past.

There have been marvellous executants, seeming to have the skill of a mechanical contrivance. But this is the least of the equipment of Galli-Curci, as she has warmth and beauty of tone unexcelled in her class. Beyond that, she is a well-educated musician and does not sacrifice logic, good taste, or the wishes of the composer to make a singer's holiday—a means for mechanical exploitation of technical skill. With all these attributes,—range, quantity, quality and musicianship,—it is little wonder

that Galli-Curci should leap to the front of the vocal ranks, especially as there was no one seriously to dispute her passage.

One can not make just comparison between singers heard in halls seating 2,000 and those seating 7,000. To arrive at an accurate estimate, one should hear them in the same hall. Consequently, the voice that seemed not of unusual dimensions at the Shrine might seem of larger power at Trinity. But the clear carrying quality of Galli-Curci's tones caused every one of her over four thousand auditors Tuesday night to fix his eyes on the far-off little woman, in a good half of the case almost too far away to see the motions of even her mouth.

The principal numbers were the war horses of coloraturas, "*Deh vieni*" from *Figaro*, *Una voce* from Rossini and the Shadow Song from *Dinorah*.

It was these the public came out to hear, especially the latter, with its fluent difficulties. It was the Galli-Curci of the phonograph records. And after hearing the singer in *propria persona* one can go back in comfort to the wax record which brings one nearer the singer.

Galli-Curci, speaking vocally, is one of those rare *phenomina* for which no one can account. She learns to play the piano, then decides to become a singer and with her rare voice achieves her position without a definite course of instruction. She is a Liszt of the voice, a Paganini of the voice. But Liszt and Paganini both went through severe regimes of study. Galli-Curci is one of those rare things that happen and are not explainable, "an artist by the grace of God"—not of man.



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
Shrine Auditorium, Saturday Matinee, May 25

WE can not get away from the fact that all criticism is comparison and all comparison is measuring; and in order to measure one thing by the other we have to have the other. In measuring the art of a Galli-Curci, we compare with the art of a Patti, a Melba, a Sembrich. But when it comes to measuring the art of the Paulist choir, measurement falls flat; for in the West, at least, we have nothing to act as a standard of comparison. The usual church boy choir is a make-shift, an excuse or an ill-fed attempt. So we must accept the Paulist laurels taken from hundreds of such choirs in France and say that the skill of their work is almost unthinkable and its beauty almost unbelievable. What do you think of a

male choir that will sing a Bach fugue without notes? The musician who has tried his hand at a boy choir immediately would exclaim his doubts as to the existence of such a species of fauna ("There haint no such animal!"). But there is, for that was one of the numbers offered by the Paulist choir, under Father Finn's direction, last Thursday night. While there were several excellent soloists, tenor, bass and boy sopranos, it was the wonderful ensemble, the perfect unity of the more serious numbers that showed rare genius of the leader and the talent and docility of his choristers. Garbed in their French uniforms they seemed like a band of little—and big—soldiers. It was a joy to any one who has conducted the usual inattentive chorus to see the absolute attention given the leader by even his littlest singer, the audience being only incidental. The wonder of such a choir lies not only in its perfection but in the rarity of the material, the immaturity of the singers and the fact that the life of a boy soprano voice, as such, is only a few years, when the voice changes and the whole process must be begun over again, as far as that chair is concerned. Multiply this by twenty and one has a hint of the work and the success of Father Finn. Father Finn proved a very capable organist, with his accompaniments, too.

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ETHEL Graham Lynde and Charles Wakefield Cadman will give an interpretation of the latter's new opera, *Shanewis*, at the Ebell club house, Tuesday, May 28, at 8:15, open to the general public. Now that this opera has made its success in New York and has been contracted for, possibly fifteen to twenty performances next season, there is much interest in hearing its music; and with Mr. Cadman at the piano, one certainly hears an authoritative rendition. Los Angeles musical people should give a good audience to that which 32,000 persons heard with much pleasure in New York.

OF the many prima donnas whom the present generation has had occasion to admire and thrill over, Ernestine Schumann-Heink is the most popular with that vast army of the public who demand something more than mere voice in artists. For years she has been famous from coast to coast and from the Canadian line to the Gulf, and now at the zenith of her career, when she is singing more divinely than ever, she is turning, after the first of June, her entire services over to the U. S. Government to use as it sees fit.

She is on her way to the Coast singing in San Francisco the 23rd, and has consented to sing in Los Angeles Saturday afternoon, May 25th, at Shrine Auditorium, where Manager Behymer has planned to have one thousand seats at fifty cents and one thousand at one dollar, and a few at other prices. This concert will be her farewell to Los Angeles for some time as she leaves immediately after to appear June 1st in New York in the greatest oratorio ever given, singing the angel part in "Elijah." The program will be given entirely in English as Mme. Schumann-Heink has unearthed a number of new songs by English and American composers, and always ready to lend a helping hand, has included them on all her programs this year.

Since this distinguished prima donna was last here she has been made "Colonel Schumann-Heink," has sung in most of the cantonments and hospitals of the various camps and has given a fortune for the various camp funds, tobacco, small instruments, sweets, whatever the request may be for. She has also provided for the families of a number of the boys whose remittances have not reached home in time, or where these did not cover the expenses of increased family or unprovided for sickness.

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MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

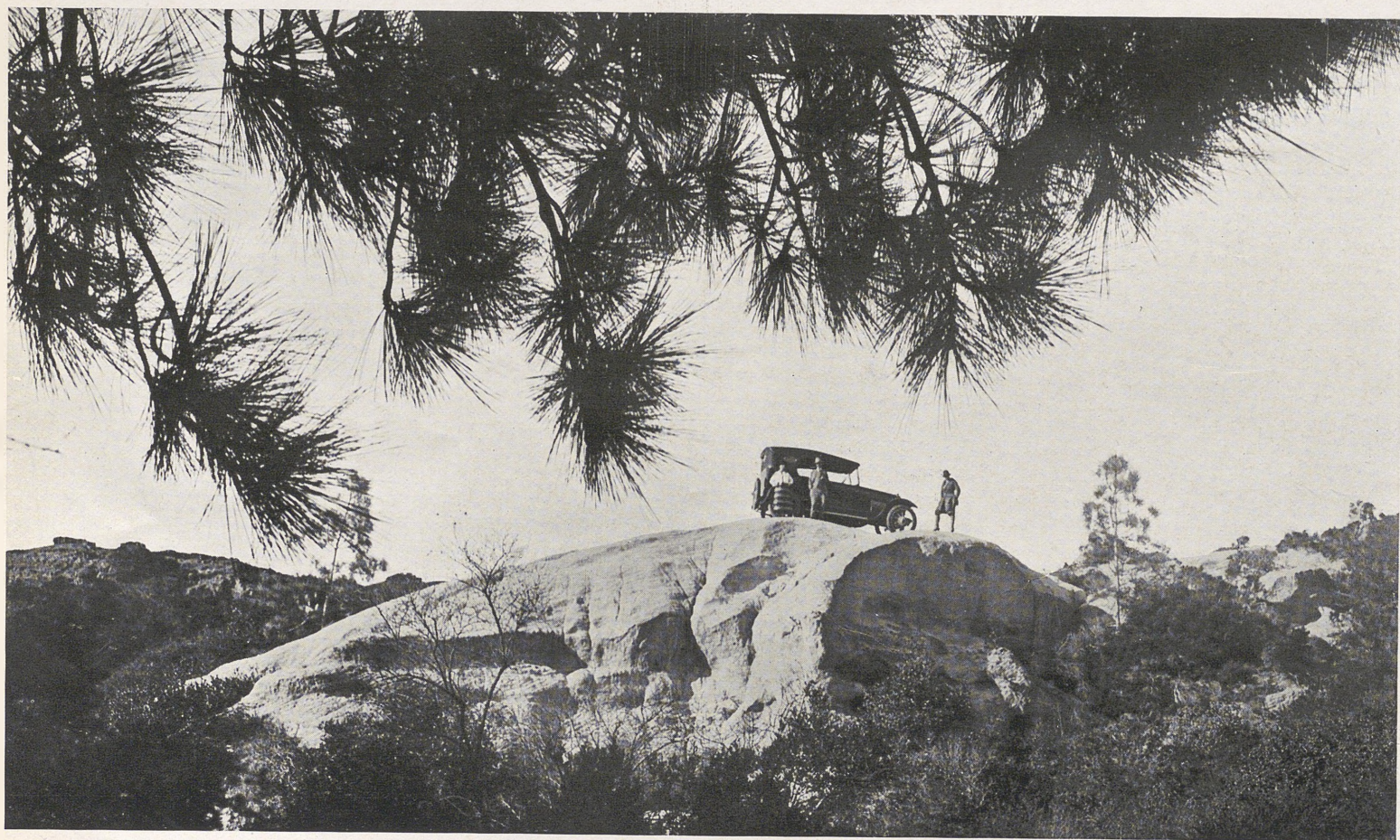
THE embargo on rubber means that about 25,000 tons are to be imported in the period from May 6, when it became effective, to July 1. The needs of the government are first to be cared for. It is understood the government requires about 9000 tons. The remainder goes to the rubber companies on the basis of their 1917 output. Inasmuch as many things are made out of rubber beside tires, it is estimated that only about 3000 tons will be left over for the making of tires, enough to equip 230,000 automobiles.

Based on this three-months allowance or rationing system, the output for the next six months would be sufficient for only about 1,000,000 automobiles and there are in the neighborhood of 5,000,000 in use in the country. However, it is understood that after July 1 the reduction will not be as radical. But there is enough in the situation to warrant every motorist and owner of trucks to get every mile possible out of his tires and tubes.

Owners have been instructed times without number how to care for their rubber. But generally the information has fallen on unheeding ears. Tires were reasonably cheap and plentiful, so "what the 'ell. We'll buy a few more." Those days are over.

ful recreation spots that nature has provided hereabouts. The war brought to the attention of many wealthy annual passengers on the Atlantic liners the wonders of their own country. By studying the geography of this country they found there were several things they had overlooked. And this finds application right here in the Southland. There are many wonderfully scenic and easily accessible places here, but the number of cars that annually go into them when compared with the total car registration in Southern California, is ridiculously small.

P H. GREER, recently elected the head of the Los Angeles Automobile Dealers Association, left last Tuesday for the East on his annual trip which will occupy about six or seven weeks' time. He is now in St. Louis where he attended Friday and Saturday an important meeting of the National Automobile Dealers Association, the directory of which he is a member. Before leaving, he said that in his opinion, which was based on reliable information sent him from the East, the persistent rumors of a radical reduction in automobile output were unfounded.



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War makes for care and economy. Why be wasteful of material hard to replace? The tire companies will not benefit as a result of the careless use of tires, for the careless one is merely depriving someone else of a chance to buy a tire.

ALTHOUGH more used cars are now sold in Los Angeles than ever before and at better prices, the condition of the market here is not to be compared with those in the East. There used cars, it is said, are selling for a quarter and even one-third more, and in some cases there are waiting lists for particularly choice second-hand cars of the best makes.

ALTHOUGH France is waging the greatest struggle ever recorded in all time for her national existence, the motor interests of the country held their annual automobile and truck show recently at Lyons. Known as the Lyons sample show, it has been held annually for the last three years. At the show just closed there was an excellent display of passenger cars and motor trucks. And plans are under way for the next year's show. Yes, indeed; France is truly a wonderful nation.

RESTRICTION on passenger travel by railroads means only that Southern Californians will become better acquainted with the many beauti-

IF you want the latest road map to the Yosemite as well as other scenic points north of the Tehachapi, you may secure one at the Camp Curry office, 623 South Spring street.

THE headlight glare problem is in an awful muddle in this state. Apparently this state of affairs is due to the refusal of the state motor vehicle department to advise the public what lenses are lawful and what are not. Action toward this end has been taken in other states. The acumen of a super-man is not necessary to reach a sensible decision. Meanwhile there are motorists who don't give a hang about the local ordinance while there are many others who want to comply with the law but don't know what make of lenses to purchase.

AS a result of the crude rubber embargo, rumor has it that all manufacturers intend to reduce their number of sizes to seven or perhaps eight. Although it is impossible to point out any single individual in the tire business who vouches for this rumor, it is very persistent, nevertheless. Tire dealers generally agree that a standardizing of tires will be one of the best things that has come to the industry, while they also believe it will be eminently satisfactory for the motorist. There's no doubt of it. Anything that makes for standardization is a step toward greater efficiency.

RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from page 19)

John Wessel, was a man who anticipated most of the teachings of the Reformers, but who escaped the Inquisition through the protection of a powerful friend. He was a man of profound learning, a linguist of renown, and a speaker of transcendent ability. The works are here translated for the first time from the original Latin. Martin Luther did not make the acquaintance of Wessel's writings until about 1520. He is said to have remarked that if he had made their acquaintance earlier, his enemies might have accused him of taking most of his ideas from them. A determined attempt was made to burn Wessel's writings, and he was obliged to travel for "his health" about once in so often. Like all Reformers (and some policemen) his life was not "a happy one" in this respect, although he managed to escape being parboiled or roasted by the zealous Christians of his time. These volumes will be found intensely interesting by scholars and those who are curious as to the earlier events leading up to the trials and tribulations of Luther's day. Besides being a man of originality and brilliancy, Wessel was possessed of a charm of manner and a magnetism which attracted all. The volumes are well illustrated, and a fine photograph of the great Dutchman forms the frontispiece of volume one. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"ONE'S personal aims are a wash-out, and the courage to endure remains one's sole possession." Thus Coningsby Dawson, writing from the trenches on the hither side of No Man's Land. But after reading his latest book, *The Seventh Christmas* (Holt), which, although primarily for the holidays, always will be a gift *par excellence*, one finds Lieut. Dawson had another possession—a great one. And that is, the courage to write simply, openly, of Jesus. This small classic gives a vivid picture of the little Child listening to the story of His birth; and, afterward, of His being decked out in the royal robe His mother had woven for him; of being sprinkled with the sweet-smelling frankincense, and of feeling the crown of jewels on his forehead, brought by one of the Wise Men. But the third casket Mary would not open. Myrrh signified Death. But the tender tale tells how and why that dreaded casket was opened. And lo, instead of Death, the Star of the East dazzled their eyes: When I knew Lieut. Dawson—he was then Mr. Dawson—in New York, he was a charming man-of-the-world and one of the literary set that makes the Great City so entrancing. Yet, withal, his reserve,—true insular breeding,—effectually hid his inner life.

But these months have stripped conventionality from men as a miner strips the earth. And as a miner uncovers gold, so, in *His Seventh Christmas*, has Coningsby Dawson uncovered the heart of a child and the reverent soul of a man. A. H.

(Continued on page 25)

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

LAST week passed off very quietly in Los Angeles as regards events in the theatrical world. Calling attention to the excellence of the production and presentation of "Over the Telephone," at the Morosco, in *THE GRAPHIC* of May 10, resulted in such good business at the Morosco theater that the management decided to hold the piece over another week, before putting on George V. Hobart's comedy "What's Your Husband Doing?" Well, "Over the Telephone" was worth two weeks, anyway. The Mason's offering, "The Wanderer," full of stars, and also "one hundred and twenty real sheep," didn't prove to be as acceptable as we had hoped it might. Like the seed planted in our war gardens, it didn't come out anything like the pictures on the outside of the package. The Orpheum's bill was acceptable, and some of the new acts were very good, notably the Natalie Sisters, musical artists, and the farce by McCart and Bradford, "Love, Honor and Obey." At the picture houses there was nothing of note outside of Theda Bara's own production, "Soul of Buddha," at Miller's, and "Tarzan of the Apes," at the Kinema.

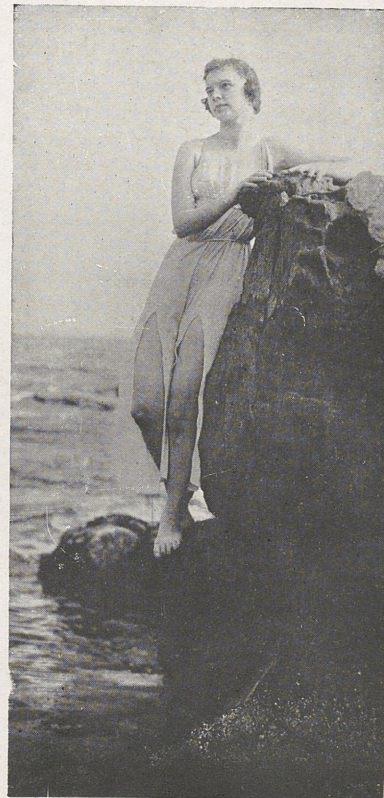
JUST how Leona La Mar, "the girl with a thousand eyes," is able to read the minds of the people seated in the Orpheum theater will probably remain as great a mystery throughout the present week as it was during the week just past. A poll of the people in the audience at any

next to the young lady in blue, with the beautiful eyes and the nice complexion, is going to be married soon."

And so on, up one aisle and down another.

PROBABLY the most notable bill of the season, so far, is that to open at the Orpheum at the matinee today, in that it brings here the very topnotch of all interpretive dancing acts, which has the added value of being made up of Los Angeles girls, presented first by a local woman, and still under her management, though now grown so great that it is proffered under the direction of Mr. Martin Beck, himself.

The Greater Morgan Dancers are looked upon as the acme of interpretive Terpsichorean artistry; their work has met with the approval of the masters of art in its several phases of form, color, action and ensemble, and the work of the girls has been pronounced perfect by the highest authorities. Livingstone Platt has been glad to design their scenery; great musicians have written their tonal accompaniments, and the leading members of the art colonies of the east have sought their soirees to witness the perfection of the poetry of motion. This is a long step for a bunch of local school girls and their teacher, of only a few seasons back, but with their willingness and ability, Miss Morgan's skill, and Mr. Beck's vision, the act has reached a pinnacle that none can approach.



THE GREATER MORGAN DANCERS

At the Orpheum this week, fresh from their New York triumph, and bringing us our first experience with the real Choreographic Ballet, with a scenic investiture that is elaborate and ornate

performance would doubtless reveal as many opinions as to the methods she employs as there were people in the audience. So, in order to know how she does it, all that is necessary is to secure all of the opinions, and then take your choice. At that, there might be a possibility of selecting the wrong one.

Miss La Mar sits on the stage, blindfolded, constantly making funny little gestures, as though she were reaching out and plucking the thoughts in the minds of those who are seeking answers to questions right out of the circumjacent atmosphere, where they might be floating around and waiting for someone to gather them in. An assistant passes along an aisle. He pauses beside a lady in a black dress. Miss La Mar says: "The lady is dressed in black, has a white collar on; her hair is brown. She wants to know if her brother will come back from France. Yes, her brother will come back, but it will be a year or more before she will see him again. I see him wearing a uniform."

The lady in black is bewildered, but she nods her head when the assistant asks if that is right.

"The war will last eighteen months more; the Allies will win; after that there will be no more Germany, and no more Kaiser." (Prolonged applause.)

"The gentleman with the slightly grey hair, in the brown suit, with the green and red necktie, had better sell his oil land, and not try to develop it himself."

"The young gentleman in the black suit, with the red necktie, seated

Another sensation in the new bill, though along another line entirely, is the appearance of Tarzan, the marvelous chimpanzee, who will be at the Orpheum in person. Tarzan is more human than some men; he does things that no ape has heretofore attempted, and his understanding seems to be developed almost to the human standard.

A third feature act is the return of Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, prime favorites, who also call this home. They bring their 1918 songology, but it isn't much matter what they bring so they come themselves, which they will do. "Exemption" is the playlet; timely and cleverly done by an excellent company.

TARZAN of the Apes is appearing to eager throngs at the Kinema Theater this week. Small wonder—Tarzan the superman is a fascinating white giant of the jungles, who snatched from his cradle by a giant she ape is reared to mighty manhood. A veritable terror of the forests he eventually succumbs to the charms of a beautiful American girl. To the millions who read Edgar Rice Burroughs' captivating book, this film portrayal is still more entertaining.

THE grand William Farnum Revue, the long heralded return of all of his biggest and best pictures, is to start at Miller's theater today. During this Revue a different Farnum picture is to be shown every day starting today with "When a Man Sees Red," a picturization of Larry Evan's famous novel "The Painted Lady."

HIGH-GRADE VULCANIZING

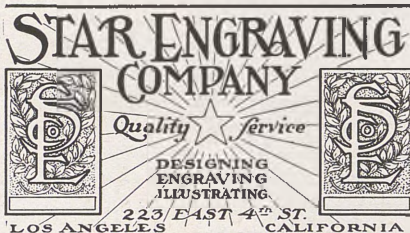
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FOURTH AT SPRING
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MILLER'S THEATER Something different. **William Farnum Revue**
SPRING and MAIN at 9th Sunday: "When a Man Sees Red"; Monday: "The Con-
queror"; Tuesday: "The Price of Silence"; Wednesday: "A Tale of Two Cities"; Thursday:
"The Heart of a Lion"; Friday and Saturday: "Les Miserables."

RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from page 23)

THE Answering Voice—Sara Teas-
dale. Lovers of poetry will wel-
come this carefully selected anthology,
containing one hundred love lyrics by
woman. Many of them are already
known to readers, like the gems from
Christina Rossetti, five in number. One,
a somewhat Anglified Scots, or Scoti-
fied English, by Willa Sibert Cather, is
new to the reviewer and has a distinct
charm. Its fourth and final stanza
reads:

"Grandmither, give me your clay-
clod heart, that has forgot to
ache,

For mine be fire within my breast
and yet it cannot break.

It beats an' throbs forever for the
things that cannot be,—

An' can ye not let me creep in an'
rest awhile by ye?

A little afraid of dark I slept by ye
years ago—

Ah, she has found what night can
hold 'twixt sunset and the dawn!

So when I plant the rose an' rue
above your grave for ye,

Ye'll know it's under rue and rose
that I would like to be.

That I would like to be."

(The Answering Voice, One Hundred
Love Lyrics by Women. Selected by
Sara Teasdale. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

LEAQUE of Nations, by Theodore
Marburg, M. A., L.L. D., is a small
volume devoted to the establishment of
a League to enforce peace after the
war is over. Just at present, the book
seems a trifle premature. What people
are interested in now is the bringing
about of the ending of the war. They
will cross the bridge of International
Peace when they come to it. There
are a number of good arguments for
world-wide peace in the book, but they
are all dependent upon the overthrow
of the German armies now fighting to
establish their "ueber alles" fetish.
This "cart before the horse" literature
only tends to becloud the overmaster-
ing issue of WIN THE WAR. Mac-
millan and Company.

SOUVENIR

Out of Love's ashes
Rose a fairer dawn;
Out of Love's silence
Sweeter song was born.

A wood thrush caroled in the lane;
The poppies flamed the wheat again;
Just this—yet where before clung clay
Shone golden paths to Yesterday;
And where before Life showed but
scars

Loomed a galaxy of stars.

Marion Francis Brown.



Grand Ave. at 7th.
—NOW PLAYING—
The mighty white giant of the jungles
"TARZAN OF THE APES"
Edgar Rice Burroughs' sensational romance

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boxes \$1. Matinee at 2 DAILY,
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Holiday Matinees.

WEEK OF MAY 20

Mr. Martin Beck Presents THE GREATER MORGAN
DANCERS

"EXEMPTION," A Timely Satire

TARZAN (Himself), Not a Motion Picture

YATES & REED, Double Crossing

TOM DINGLE & SAM WARD, The Odd Long Fellows

MISS GWEN LEWIS, At the Piano

PERCY BRONSON & WINNIE BALDWIN, 1918 Songology

LEONA LA MAR, "The Girl with 1000 Eyes"

ORPHEUM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

PATHE EXCLUSIVE NEWS VIEWS

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The greatest Motion Picture of the Century. Visualizing His
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Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1

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Section 1273, Civil Code of California

WILL of MARRIED WOMEN

A married woman may dispose of all her separate estate by will, without
the consent of her husband, and may alter or revoke the will in like
manner as if she were single. Her will must be executed and proved in
like manner as other wills.

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WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 16)

M. M. Gillespie, Mrs. H. M. Bigelow, Mrs. P. G. Winnett, Mrs. W. A. Holt and Miss Alice Schneider. Miss Helen Bullock and a bevy of school girl friends from the Westlake School for Girls, assisted in serving refreshments. Miss Bullock, who is a pupil of Miss Reed Lewis, will graduate from the Westlake School for Girls, this year.

“To dance or not to dance.” With the cafes as the locality involved, this has been a much-mooted question in Los Angeles for many moons—a long cycle of them. But now that there has been a 9 o'clock curfew law established to govern one's thirst, the ban against an enchanting bit of terpsichore at the cafes has been automatically removed. Los Angeles is privileged to enjoy a whirl or two with one's dinner or after-the-theater partner without the slightest feeling of sinfulness over breaking one of the city father's stern commandments. At the Alexandria where dancing has again come into its own, the society folk are enjoying the privilege of dancing in the cafe with renewed zest, between the hours of 9:30 p. m. and 12 midnight. Many after-the-theater-parties are making the Cafe their mecca nowadays, for the delights of the terpsichore add a piquant sauce to the tete-a-tete of a party supper.

Society at Hotel del Coronado still continues to be busily engaged in entertaining formally and informally in honor of the Military who are stationed at the various camps, cantonments and Army and Navy stations in its vicinity. The new aviation camps at Camp Hearn and Otay Mesa bring many new faces to Coronado and the Naval Aviation station at North Island which was formerly at Balboa Camp, with its many officers and men, add to the activities and life at the famous watering place.

Mr. and Mrs. George Herrmann of San Francisco are at Hotel del Coronado for an extended sojourn, having come South to be near their younger son Gerald, who is stationed at North Island, Rockwell Field, and has just completed his R. M. A. tests and is now waiting for his commission as Lieutenant. The elder son, G. Bliss Herrmann, is stationed with the Naval Reserve Training Station at San Pedro, and passed the week end at Hotel del Coronado, joining his wife, who came South accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann and their very attractive young niece, Miss Erna Herrmann, daughter of the William Herrmanns, of San Francisco. Mrs. Bliss Herrmann will be remembered as Miss Nadine de Ojeda.

SONG

I did not know I loved you, dear,
Until a cloud went by,
Holding its filmy, aching arms
Out to the distant sky.

I did not know I loved you, dear,
Until I saw a flower
Lift in pale need before the sun
To live its roseate hour.

I did not know I loved you, dear,
Until I dreamed of you;
Now I, too, need the sun and wind
And a dream—my dream come true!

Hazel Hall

—before May passes
have your Will drawn

Do not neglect that Will another day. Take no chances with a “home-made” Will. Go to your lawyer and have a clear, concise, explicit, comprehensive and thoroughly “attack-proof” document prepared—one that will be honored and upheld by the law.

When individuals are named as executors in the last Will and Testament, oftentimes because of illness, incapability, absence, inexperience, fraud, or death—the wishes of the testator are not executed.

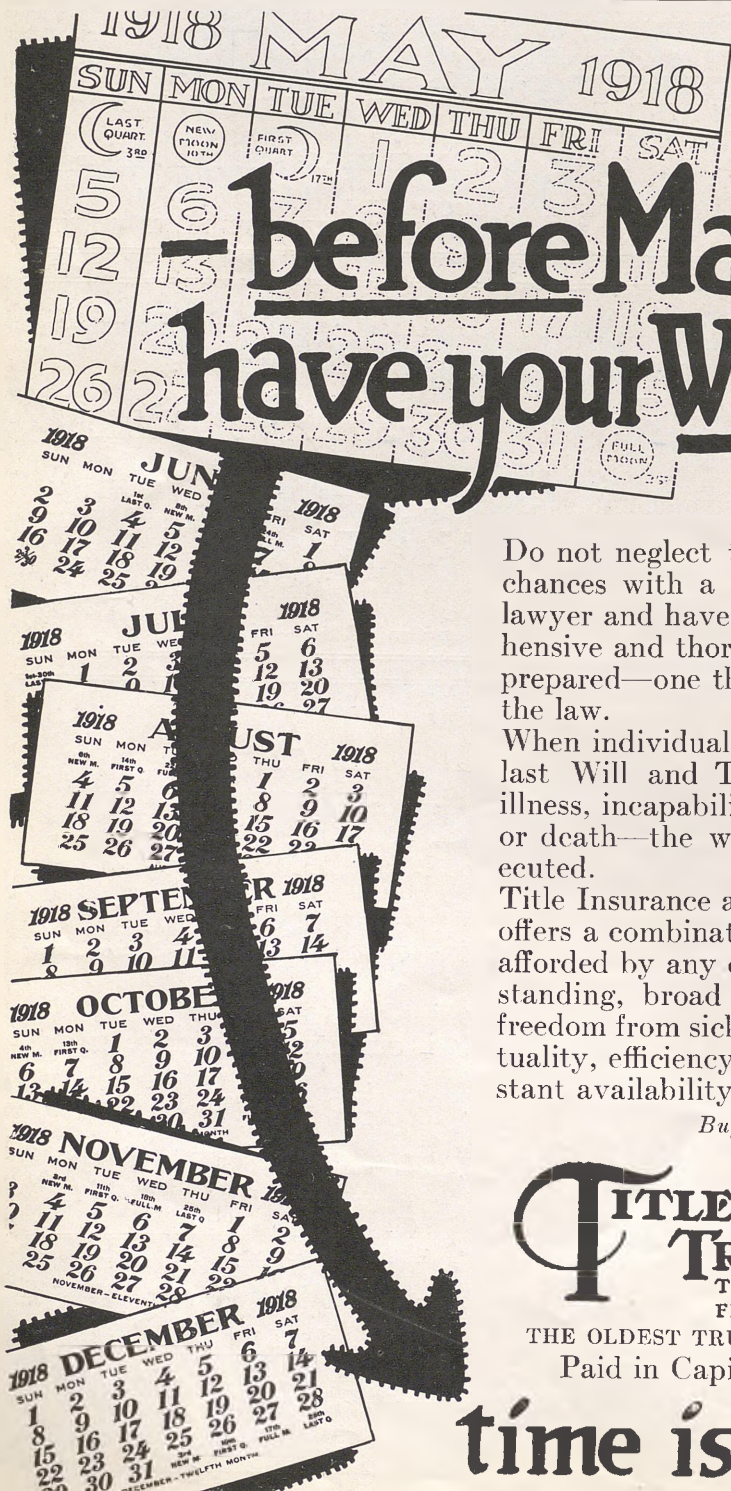
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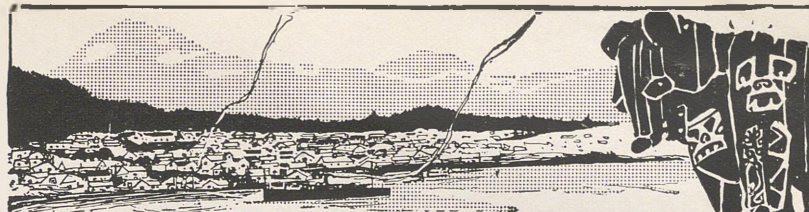
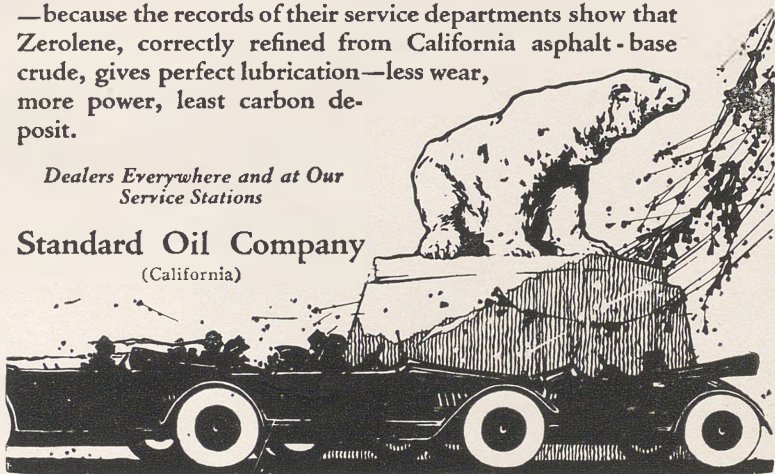
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE First National Bank OF LOS ANGELES

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 10, 1918

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts...\$26,761,308.62	Capital Stock\$ 1,500,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc... 6,426,340.08	Surplus and Undivided
U. S. Bonds to secure	Profits 2,785,304.94
circulation 1,250,000.00	Circulation 1,226,397.50
Furniture and Fixtures 150,000.00	Bills Payable 1,000,000.00
Real Estate Owned..... 59,679.10	Bills Receivable Redis-
Customers' Liability	counted 4,426,420.41
Under Letters of	Reserve for Taxes, etc. 81,478.55
Credit 127,236.03	Other Liabilities 1,634,167.19
Other Assets 1,477,463.89	Deposits 32,883,973.25
Cash and Sight Ex-	
change 8,785,714.12	
TOTAL\$45,037,741.84	TOTAL\$45,037,741.84

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

I, W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

DIRECTORS

J. M. Elliott John S. Cravens C. W. Gates John B. Miller
Stoddard Jess J. C. Drake H. Jevne Dan Murphy
F. D. Roberts Frank P. Flint J. O. Koepfli F. Q. Story
John P. Burke M. H. Flint E. J. Marshall

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank LOS ANGELES, CAL.

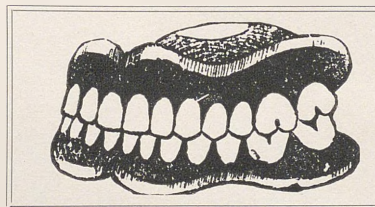
At the Close of Business May 10, 1918
(Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Los Angeles)

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts...\$18,164,846.32	Capital Stock\$ 1,500,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc... 7,290,062.22	Surplus 1,675,000.00
Banking House, Fur-	Undivided Profits 223,291.05
niture and Fixtures.. 1,040,000.00	Reserve for Taxes, In-
Cash and Sight Ex-	terest and Other Lia-
change 3,824,125.90	bilities 268,521.40
	DEPOSITS—
	Commer-
	cial ..\$ 8,417,766.52
	Savings 18,234,455.47 26,652,221.99
TOTAL\$319,034.44	TOTAL\$30,319,034.44

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